The SPHERE

Vol. CXXV. No. 1633 MAY 9, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

"Luvisca" REGD SHIRTS SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED TAB: Luvisca REGD COURTAULDS

Sold by Leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. 125M), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C. 1, who will send you name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

NOTICE their style and moderate price . . . you will accord to "LUVISCA" Shirts, Soft Collars and Pyjamas a privileged place in your wardrobe.

COURTAULDS FABRIC

GLENEAGLES HOTEL

GOLF, TENNIS, DANCING, FISHING, SWIMMING, RIDING, SHOOTING

For tariff and reservations apply: Resident Manager, Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, Scotland. Direct Restaurant Car and Sleeping Car Services by LMS. *Arthur Towle, Controller, LMS Hotel Services*

By Appointment to H.M. King George V

CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS

FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from **4 Gns.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C. 2

ORIENT LINE CRUISES

TO MEDITERRANEAN & ATLANTIC ISLANDS May 23 and June 13
SEVEN SUMMER CRUISES TO NORWAY & NORTHERN CAPITALS
JUNE · JULY & AUGUST

ORFORD 20,000 TONS
ORONTES 20,000 TONS

WRITE FOR PROGRAMME

Managers: Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3.
West End Offices: 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1 & No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2.

Obtainable Everywhere

HENNESSY
LIQUEUR X.O. BRANDY
GUARANTEED OVER 40 YEARS OLD
The Brandy that made Cognac famous

PARIS HOTEL DU LOUVRE

Entirely Renovated — First-Class Restaurant

Places du Théâtre Français et Palais Royal. *Rue de Rivoli, Avenue de l'Opéra.*

Telegraphic Address: Louvrotel 111 Paris.

KING GEORGE IV

uality

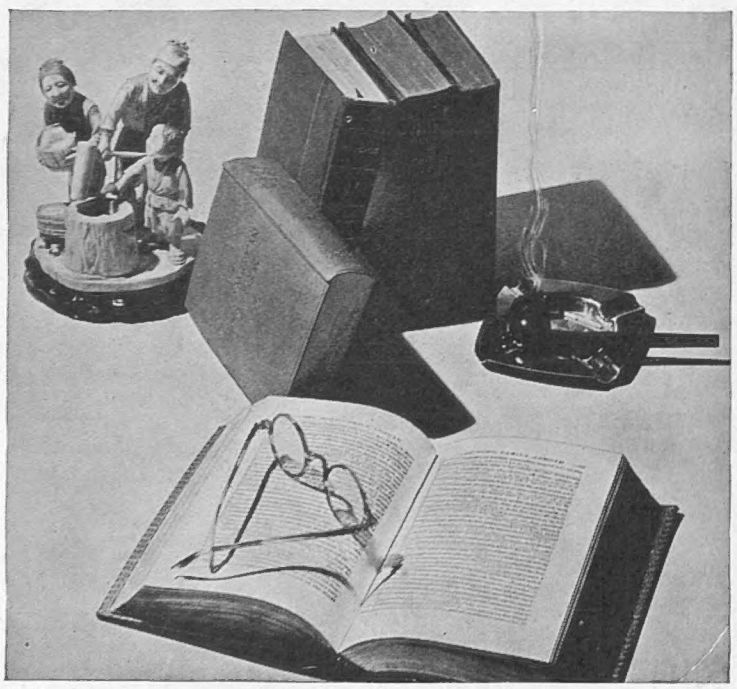
'NOTED'
FOR QUALITY
THE WORLD OVER

KING GEORGE IV

1190

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

READ by a good light



Fit ROYAL EDISWAN LAMPS

The Edison Swan Electric Co., Ltd., 123/5 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4

L.77

East Coast Types

CLACTON-ON-SEA
(Essex)

Well equipped and progressive seaside resort, plentiful entertainment; a sea wall 1¼ miles long. One of the healthiest bathing centres on the East Coast.

FELIXSTOWE
(Suffolk)

Tennis, golf, bathing, boating and fishing do not exhaust the attractions of Felixstowe. The town is well planned with many promenades and cliff gardens. The Felix is the most noted hotel in East Anglia.

LOWESTOFT
(Suffolk)

one of the most popular seaside places in England: a great fishing port. It combines the ancient and picturesque with the modern, and its promenades, gardens, piers, concerts and sands, recommend it to tens of thousands. Oulton Broad is quite near.

YARMOUTH

has everything for which people visit the East Coast. It is the principal fishing port of Norfolk and has a sea front over three miles long. The old streets have singular charm and repay a visit with camera or sketch book.

Free Book "Eastern Counties" from L N E R Stations, Offices and Agencies, or from Passenger Manager, L N E R, Liverpool Street Stn., E.C.2; York, or Waverley Stn., Edinburgh, or Traffic Supt., L N E R, Aberdeen.

No.3 The Lobsterman

TRAVEL CHEAPLY BY L·N·E·R
TO THE DRIER SIDE

BRITISH SCIENTIST'S REMARKABLE HEALTH DISCOVERY

Astounding triumph over old-age infirmities

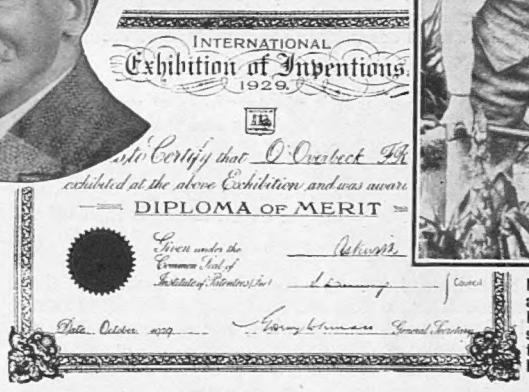
This picture of Miss St. Elmo in bathing dress more than bears out her claim to find very little trace of age in face or body.

THE HEALTH value of electricity in its various forms of light, heat and an invisible flow of electrons has been brought home to the public in dramatic fashion in recent times. The most eminent physicians in the land have given their blessing to electro-therapy.

THE PRESS talk of "Happy Daventry." People, they tell us, who live within the charmed circle of powerful wireless waves enjoy better health and feel more buoyant and cheerful. It is also said that telephone operators, thanks to their headphones, almost invariably have splendid heads of hair.

And now a well-known British scientist offers an explanation, and by means of a new invention brings electricity as a healing force within the reach of all.

(Inset) Mr. O. Overbeck, F.R.S.A., F.P.C. (Lond.), the well-known scientist, whose amazing health discovery has aroused world-wide interest, and brought relief to sufferers in every civilised land.
(Below) Reduced facsimile of Diploma of Merit, awarded to Mr. Overbeck for his exhibit of Overbeck's Rejuvenator at the International Exhibition of Inventions, 1929.



Mr. Overbeck in his rôle of horticulturist at his country estate. A few years ago his heart was so weak he dare not stoop to tend his beloved plants. To-day, thanks to his Rejuvenator, an active life, both physical and intellectual, finds him literally untirable.

THE SECRET OF YOUTH

MR. OVERBECK, who is a fellow of so many societies representative of culture, science and the arts (he is a F.R.S.A. and F.P.C. (Lond.) to mention but two), has written a book entitled "A New Electronic Theory of Life," which throws a flood of light on the relation between electricity and life.

In his book, Mr. Overbeck says: "... Life is an electric manifestation ... the lack of electricity alone produces old age and decrepitude. All bacteria-free diseases represent simply electrical unbalance."

APPLYING his principles in a practical form, Mr. Overbeck has produced an electrical instrument for self-treatment, which has been given the appropriate name of Overbeck's Rejuvenator.

This picture of Mr. Overbeck skating is a typical presentation of the man as he is to-day—untiringly energetic, physically as well as mentally, and full of the joy of life, though past seventy years of age.

Mr. Overbeck has taken his own medicine, and claims to have banished those old-age infirmities which a lifetime devoted to laborious research had heaped upon him. So that to-day, at seventy years of age, he feels like a man of thirty, and is mentally more alert than ever. Before he took to using his Rejuvenator his doctor told him to make his will, as his heart was so weak that he had not long to live. The heart disease has gone, as well as the kidney trouble from which he was a life-long sufferer. His spectacles (worn for years) are no longer required.

A WONDERFUL ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT

VERY soon the Press was talking about Mr. Overbeck's discovery. The "Daily Express" gave a full account of his invention. The Grimsby correspondent of another national newspaper wired: "Grimsby is becoming a Mecca of old people anxious to be made young. Mr. Overbeck, the Grimsby scientist, told me he was being overwhelmed by applicants suffering from various ailments who wished to submit to treatment from the machine which, Mr. Overbeck claims, restores the balance of the electric current in the human system."

The Press of the Empire and of foreign countries followed suit, and before long unsolicited orders for the Rejuvenator began to pour in from every civilised land. World patents, therefore, were taken out. A name had to be chosen for the instrument. "It has rejuvenated me. It will rejuvenate others. I will call it 'Overbeck's Rejuvenator,'" was a happy thought, and under this aptly chosen name it has gone forth on its mission of healing to the Far East and the Far West, to the Far North and the Far South. **Even in remote islands of the Pacific and little "sugar islands" of the West Indies, even in the "Purple Land" below the Equator in the New World, and amid the frozen snows of northernmost Canada, the little Rejuvenator is doing for others what it has done for Mr. Overbeck himself.**

OVERBECK'S REJUVENATOR has now undergone the ordeal of trial in cases so varied as rheumatic and gouty affections, nervous troubles, weak heart, nose, ear and throat affections, general debility, chest troubles such as asthma, goitre and many others. In all it has given such astonishing satisfaction that Mr. Overbeck has been inundated with letters of thanks and appreciation of the health benefits derived from his wonderful machine.

THE WELL-KNOWN Comedienne and Producer, Miss Marguerite Miles, writes:—

"I had had acute neuritis in my left arm for about sixteen years. That has entirely gone. I also suffered a great deal from neurasthenia. That is so much better that I expect to be free from it before long."

A DOCTOR writes:—

"It has been beneficial in a case of muscular atrophy of the legs after severe illness, and personally I have used it on my bald head, and am certainly gradually getting a good crop of hair, for which I am very thankful and pleased."

M.D., M.B., C.M., F.R.C.S.

GOLFER'S AMAZING TRIBUTE

EXTRAORDINARY Tributes come from golfers and others of the sporting fraternity.

Captain J. Hall, of Bridport, Dorset, writes to the inventor of this remarkable instrument:—

"It will interest you to know how I have benefited by the use of your Rejuvenator.

"I was in a very bad state of health, suffering from Rheumatism, Neuritis, and nerve trouble and generally run down. I will admit that at first I was rather sceptical about all that was claimed for it—it sounded too good to be true. However, as medicine was not having any effect on me, I decided to try your Rejuvenator.

"The result was magical; within a week I was tremendously improved. I was able to walk about in comfort, and, what was more important, I began to get good restful nights and sound sleep, and in the morning I felt fit for business. Within a month I was able to play golf again, and have continued to do so ever since, and am able to take a real pleasure in life. My friends tell me I don't look a bit more than forty-five, and when I tell them I am fifty-six and served twenty years in India they are simply amazed."

FAMOUS VOCALIST'S ASTONISHING TRIBUTE

The well-known vocalist, Miss Sybil St. Elmo, reports as follows on the benefits obtained from the use of Overbeck's Rejuvenator for twelve months:—

"My friends are amazed at the change in my appearance and general condition. I had Rheumatoid Arthritis in both knees, also Mucous Colitis, but the relief and improvement have been most remarkable and in the process I am entirely rejuvenated.

"I gave up my career as a vocalist 16 years ago owing to constant throat trouble, but **I now have exactly the same voice I had 20 years ago,** and find myself in my fifty-first year with very little trace of age in my face or body, and a rosy outlook on life in general."

Mr. Overbeck has written a book about his Rejuvenator, replete with photo-reproductions illustrating the treatment and the instrument. Readers of "The Sphere" may obtain a copy free by completing and forwarding the form below. Readers who do not wish to cut the page may obtain the book on written application to O. Overbeck, F.R.S.A., etc., 13, Chantry House, Grimsby, mentioning "The Sphere," and enclosing 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

To O. OVERBECK, F.R.S.A.
13, CHANTRY HOUSE, GRIMSBY.

Please send me Free Book about Overbeck's Rejuvenator, containing plates illustrating self-treatment and testimony to its power of increasing Vital Energy, Strengthening Weak Constitutions, Building Up the Muscular Tissues, Restoring Youthful Vim and Vivacity, and Giving the Elderly a New Lease of Life. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

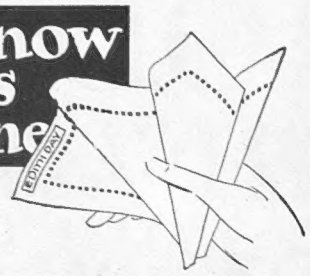
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

(*Please write clearly*).....

THE SPHERE, 9/5/31.....

I know it's mine



NO MARGIN OF ERROR WHEN LINEN IS MARKED WITH

Cash's NAMES

They SAFEGUARD LINEN. Neat, effective, fadeless. Woven on fine cambric tape in twenty different styles of lettering, in a large variety of colours and two widths of tape.

12 doz. 5/- 6 doz. 3/9 3 doz. 2/9

A. P. HERBERT

Style No. 159.

Obtainable from all drapers and outfitters.

SEND THIS COUPON

To J. & J. CASH LTD., Dept. N.C.5, COVENTRY

Please send me samples and full list of styles together with illustrated booklet, "Lose Less Linen."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

PALACE HOTEL
HOTEL D'ORANGE
HOTEL KURHAUS
GRAND HOTEL
SAVOY HOTEL
HOTEL RAUCH

Scheveningen
THE HAGUE · ON · SEA
The finest Dutch beach

For all informations and free booklets apply to all Travel offices and the EMS hotels, Scheveningen-HOLLAND.

SLIM by pleasurable physical training. Classes, private lessons, enquiries invited.

Mme. JACKQUELLO
STAGE AND CINEMA CENTRE,
116, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2
(near Phœnix Theatre).

STAMPS Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices.
G. H. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent

AS OTHERS SEE US

"I always look upon the Riley "9" as a car which has set a fashion in this country" —

Thus Mr. A. Percy Bradley, Motoring Correspondent of the "Sphere." Mr. Bradley continues —

No one can dispute the fact that the Riley 'Nine" Saloon when it first came out was a car which set many other motor manufacturers thinking, with the result that those peculiar yet attractive lines of the Riley coachwork have been copied over and over again.

On the road this car runs like one twice as big and as heavy in so far as its road-holding qualities are concerned. The engine is wonderfully powerful for its size, and is very rapid in getting into its stride. Smooth running is one of its principal features. There was no difficulty in starting up, and the engine never appeared to over-heat.

The driving position is excellent and there is plenty of elbow room. The suspension was distinctly good. The steering was light and free from back-lash. The lock provided was more than generous.

Coming now to the brakes, I found that those operated by the lever and the pedal could be adjusted by the driver or passenger whilst sitting in their seats and travelling along the road.

The bodywork calls for special mention — four large doors give access to the interior. After my experience, I was not in the least surprised that this car has a wonderful record of successes. It is so obviously efficient that it is difficult to imagine how anyone else could produce a chassis of or near the same dimensions, having a better performance. The motorist, whether he is expert or merely passable in the handling of cars is bound to experience a peculiar feeling of pride when he finds himself driving one of these Rileys.

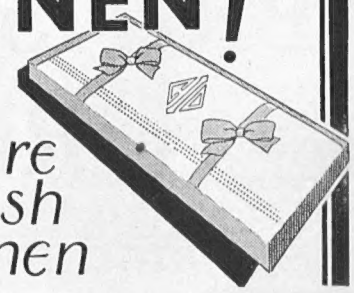
Now wouldn't you like to test the "PLUS" RILEY—THE CAR THAT DEPRECIATES LEAST—If you would, write us or any Riley Agent.

RILEY (Coventry) Ltd. COVENTRY
LONDON: 42 Nth Audley St. W.1

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY — Riley — AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

"PLUS" MONACO SALOON £298
Triplex Glass & Dunlop Tyres Standard

LINEN!



Pure Irish Linen

Nothing can produce such a sense of real luxury, and of complete well-being, than the unequalled smoothness of pure Linen Sheets. Nothing looks so white—washes so well or has such lasting qualities as pure Irish Linen.

pure
IRISH LINEN
hemstitched sheets

PRICES FROM:
2 × 3 yards . . . **18/11** per pair.
2½ × 3 yards . . . **26/11** per pair.

IRISH LINEN
pillow-covers

PRICES FROM:
20 × 30 inches
Hemmed . . **1/9** each.
Hemstitched **2/10** each.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD
THE LINEN HALL
156-168 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

Woolacombe Bay Hotel
N. DEVON Station: Mortehoe.

In the most beautiful Bay of North Devon. Four miles of Sands, Rocky Coves, Shell Beaches, Charming Private Gardens.

Hard and Green Tennis Courts and Private Miniature Golf Course just completed. Public Golf Links adjoining. Hot and Cold Water in Hotel Bedrooms. Central Heating. Lift. Quite exceptional Cuisine and Wines.

Telephone: 7 WOOLACOMBE.
Telegrams: "HOTEL WOOLACOMBE."

AUSTRALIA.

TRAVEL BY
THE MAIL ROUTE and THE MAIL STEAMERS
of the
ORIENT LINE,
calling at
GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, and COLOMBO.
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA
Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.
SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
to
SPAIN, RIVIERA, ITALY.
Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co., Ltd.
Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3

PRESENTATION ALBUMS
With hand-made paper leaves, in superb Morocco Bindings, suitable for Signatures when presenting Testimonials and Addresses.
Three Sizes: **25/-, 42/-, 52/6** net.
EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE (Publishers), Ltd.,
6, Great New Street, London, E.C.4
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

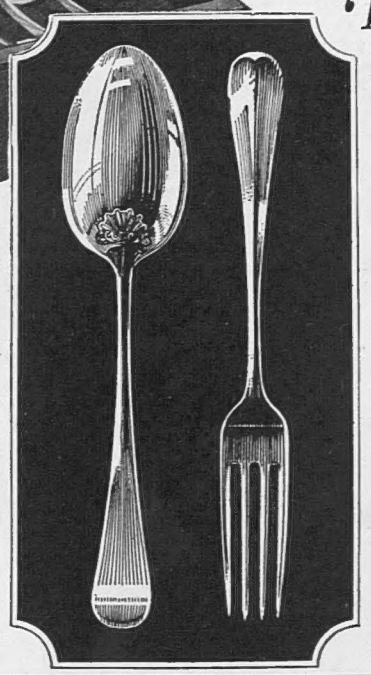
List of Cabinets sent free

HARRODS

CANTEEN OF SILVER SPOONS & FORKS

THE extraordinarily low price of Silver provides a not-to-be-neglected opportunity of securing exceptional values in Cabinets of Sterling Silver. Here is an example—a Canteen for Six Persons:

'Dorchester' Canteen



The distinctive 'Dorchester' pattern Spoons, Forks, etc., are reproductions from a George II. design adapted to modern requirements. The Cabinet includes:

6 Table Forks	6 Egg Spoons
6 Dessert Forks	2 Salt Spoons
4 Table Spoons	1 Mustard Spoon
6 Dessert Spoons	1 pr. Sugar Tongs
6 Soup Spoons	2 Sauce Ladles
6 Tea Spoons	

Please quote No. 7526 when ordering.

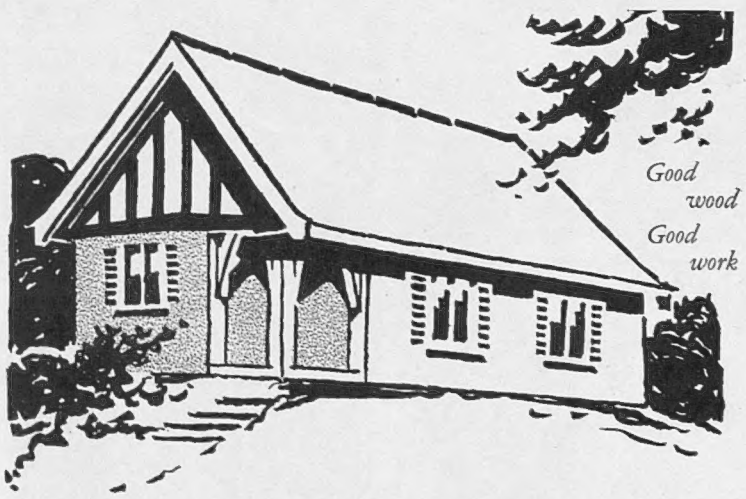
20 Gns.

Deferred Terms of Payment may be arranged.

EXTRA SPOONS & FORKS

		£	s.	d.
Table Spoons or Forks,	½-doz.	2	15	0
Dessert Spoons or Forks,	½-doz.	2	2	0
Soup Spoons (round bowls),	½-doz.	2	15	0
Tea Spoons	½-doz.	1	0	0
Egg Spoons (gilt bowls),	½-doz.	1	2	6
Salt Spoons (gilt bowls),	Pair		6	0
Mustard Spoons (gilt bowls)	Each		6	0
Gravy Spoons	Each	1	4	0
Soup Ladles	Each	2	7	6
Sauce Ladles	Pair	1	7	6
Sugar Tongs	Each pair		10	0
Sugar Sifters	Each		11	0
Butter Knives	Each		5	6

HARRODS LTD *SLOane 1234* LONDON SW1



A Bungalow to any size from stock

Start with two rooms and enlarge as you go along. Or start with five or ten rooms. Whatever size you want that building can be assembled from standardised sections in stock. Sections which are made stoutly from seasoned timber, properly finished *and* artistically finished. Designs from £50.

● *Write for Catalogue 993.*

BOULTON & PAUL LTD., NORWICH
ALSO 139, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

LUHACOVICE

LEADING CZECHOSLOVAKIAN SPA

Successful Treatment for ASTHMA, NASAL and THROAT CATARRHS, LARYNGITIS, DYSPEPSIA, BRONCHITIS, WOMEN'S DISEASES

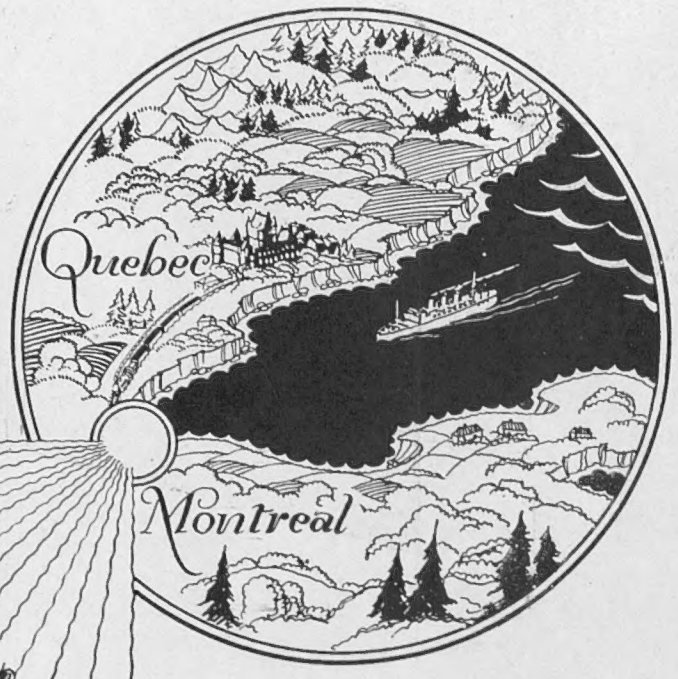
INHALOTORIUM
Equipped with up-to-date apparatus

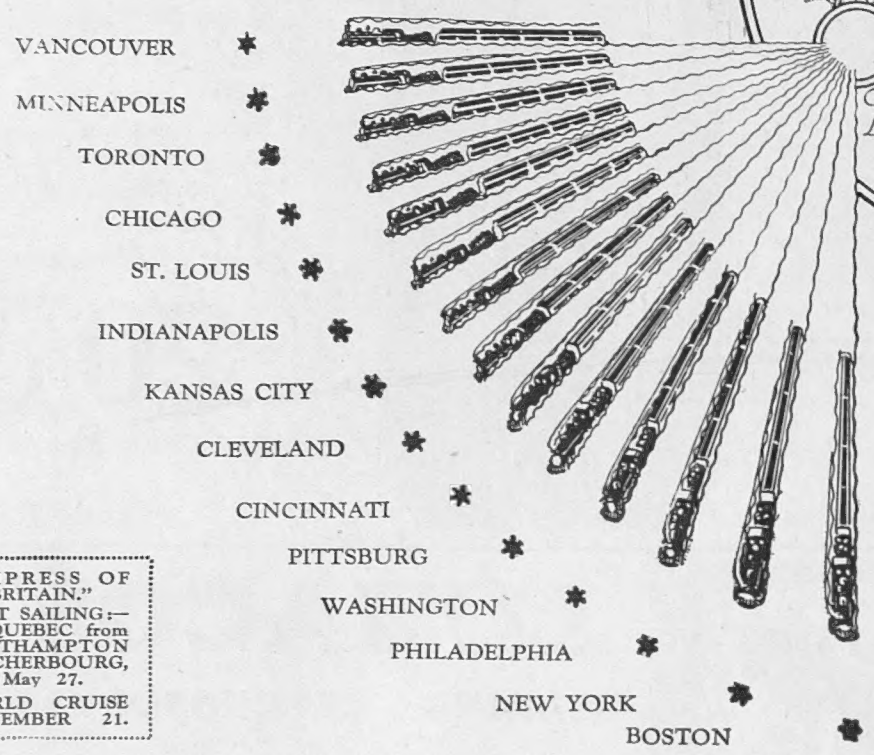
Delightful Holiday Resort
Beautiful Surroundings
Tennis, Shooting, Fishing, Swimming
Splendid Hotels. English and French Cuisine

Full information from—
SLEEPING CAR CO., 20, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.1

ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY ROUTE

ONLY 3 to 4 DAYS OPEN SEA





2 DAYS IN SHELTERED WATERS

"EMPRESS OF BRITAIN."
FIRST SAILING:—
To QUEBEC from SOUTHAMPTON & CHERBOURG, May 27.
WORLD CRUISE NOVEMBER 21.

To everywhere in North America, travel by the Short Sea Route *via* St. Lawrence Seaway! Only four days open sea (3½ days by "Empress of Britain") with two days delightful cruise in the beautiful St. Lawrence! Fast trains connect from Quebec or Montreal to all points in Canada and the United States. Travel by the Route of Beauty, Speed, Comfort and Convenience.

HOLIDAY TOURS TO CANADA!

SEVEN SHORT TOURS (nineteen to twenty-six days out and home), leaving during June, July and August, with special "All-in" fares that cover everything: Atlantic crossing by famous liners by the Short Sea Route *via* the picturesque St. Lawrence Seaway, accommodation at finest hotels and sleeping car berths on trains. All Tours visit Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Niagara Falls. Six of them include New York.

SEVEN WEEKS "ACROSS CANADA" TOUR (5 weeks in Canada) touring by private train from Atlantic to Pacific visiting every important city and all the chief beauty spots from Quebec to Victoria, including Niagara Falls, the Prairie Provinces, the Rockies, the Great Divide, Vancouver, Victoria &c. Tour leaves by "Duchess of York" (*via* the Short Sea Route) July 24th. "All-in" fare covers everything.

Special Tours Booklet (in colours) from A. L. Swain, General Passenger Agent,

CANADIAN PACIFIC

World's Greatest Travel System

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.1, 103, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, London. Liverpool, Southampton, Glasgow, Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham, Newcastle, Belfast, Cobh, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, Antwerp, Brussels, etc. Offices and Agencies all over the World.

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

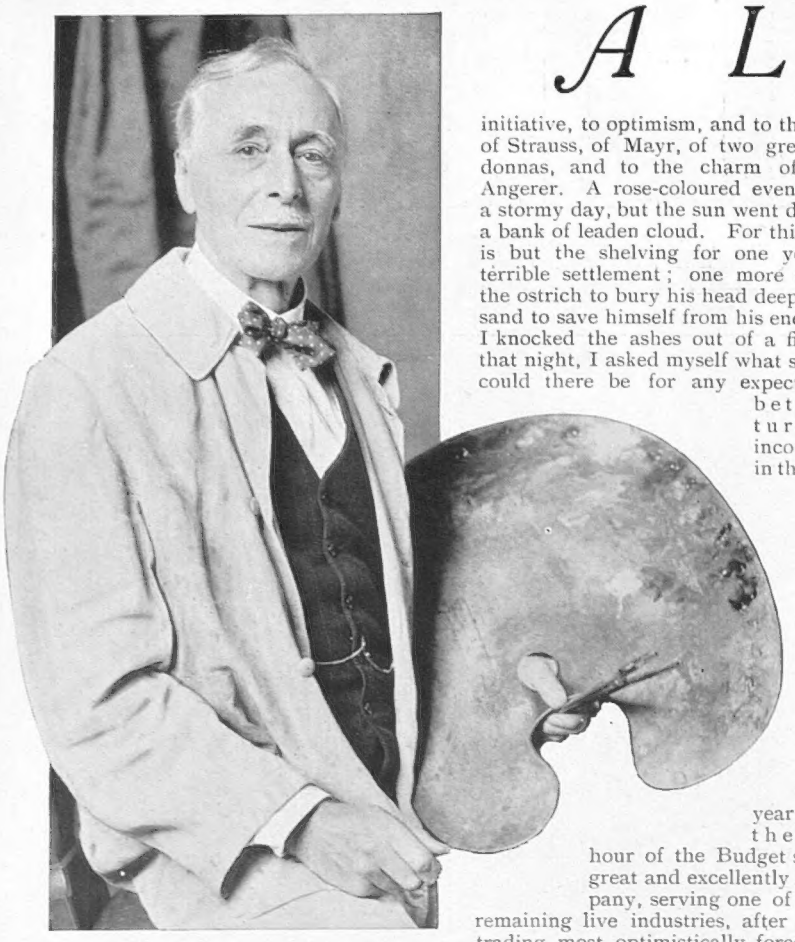
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly Volume CXXV No. 1633 Price One Shilling, Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d., Foreign, 3d. } London, May 9, 1931

ROME IN ENGLAND

Legionaries Prepare for the Tattoo

The Aldershot Tattoo bids fair this year to eclipse all previous records for its magnificence of production and its interest of subjects. The "British Warrior Queen," in furious campaign with her wild but untrained levies and her whirling war chariots against the disciplined legions of Rome, is to be re-enacted with its early successes and ultimate defeat. The parts of both legionaries and tribesmen will be taken by troops whose superb control and responsiveness would stagger even the cohorts of Imperial Rome.

A London Newsletter



P.R.A.: Sir William Llewellyn, who has figured even more prominently in the news this year than is usual at Academy time, owing to the sensational removal of the works of Mr. Reginald Eves, whose pictures, it was discovered, were painted over photographic enlargements

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, May 6, 1931

A Long Way to Go. — The Ashton by-election was a pleasant May Day surprise for Conservatives. The polling percentage was something like a record for a by-election, and it was a fair and square win. The New party or the Young party got the hard knocks which pioneers expect, but its intervention was not the cause of the Labour defeat. The constituency had nearly 7,000 Liberals with votes to cast and no Liberal to plump for. But it's a long road for Conservatism. To date the Government has actually suffered only a net loss of two seats since the General Election — a surprising fact. Meanwhile the decay of Parliamentary prestige proceeds apace. On instructions received from the Miners' Federation, the unhappy Premier of an unhappy country assembled his principal lieutenants (including the Lord High Chancellor) and heard the ultimatum of the miners. They want (and who does not want?) to be guaranteed a wage 50 per cent. in excess of pre-war rates, irrespective of output, without reference to the question of whether the industry can stand it. A statesman would have seen the appalling danger of this precedent, of this favouring (or truckling to) one union out of many. A brave man would have bluntly put the obvious and unpalatable truth that output is the only basis by which rates of pay can be fixed. The Irishman learned to his cost that a man with £1,000 is not a £1,000 a year man. But the union was suffered to leave the presence in the confident belief that their Utopia would only be a matter of drafting the necessary words in a new Bill. The blindness of the union is a disaster, the blindness of the Government a crime.

Budget Afterthoughts.—Whether it was sheer pluck or mild relief I do not know, but hundreds of English people read their fate last week in the Stop Press, gulped down Mr. Snowden's cup-that-cheers, and, hurrying up to their bedrooms, dressed to kill for the opening of the Season and the Opera Season. The *Rosenkavalier* audience was not only the most punctual but the best turned out since the bad old days before Armageddon. Indeed I was never so conscious of diamonds as I was that night, sitting below the Duchess of Westminster's tremendous tiara, since Lina Cavallieri used to sit in that same quarter casqued and breastplated in brilliants. And I think many people appreciated the Duchess's effort. It was a compliment to organization, to initiative, to optimism, and to the genius of Strauss, of Mayr, of two great prima donnas, and to the charm of Margit Angerer. A rose-coloured evening after a stormy day, but the sun went down into a bank of leaden cloud. For this Budget is but the shelving for one year of a terrible settlement; one more effort by the ostrich to bury his head deeper in the sand to save himself from his enemy. As I knocked the ashes out of a final pipe that night, I asked myself what substance could there be for any expectation of better returns from income tax in the coming year, if at the very hour of the Budget speech a great and excellently run company, serving one of our few remaining live industries, after a year's trading most optimistically forecast, announced a 60 per cent. drop in its profits, a drop of £1,000,000, and the reduction in its dividend of 9 per cent.? The Dunlop report is sufficient answer to Mr. Snowden's Budget optimism.

A Lost Illusion.—The correspondence which blossoms each year after the Budget is made public is always amusing reading. Since the War, Budgets have, generally speaking, been anticipated with dread and hailed with momentary relief. Then come the nimble accountants with their newly worked-out figures and the cool-headed economists with their deductions, and our relief is changed to renewed anxiety and suspicion. Mr. Snowden is a persuasive but insidious broadcaster. Nevertheless, behind the barrage of his fine dust, our eyes are invited to see in the jiggering of income tax collection an increase of 1s. 1½d. in the £ on income tax for the current year; in the proposed land tax a crippling blow struck at agriculture, at industry, and at municipal development on healthy lines, and in no sense a device to tax unearned increment. On the contrary, it imposes a further 1s. 8d. on income tax. The tax on petrol again is one more blow to rationalized farming operations, to commercial flying and, of course, to trade. Second thoughts make clear that the Budget taken as a whole is as dishonest, as muddle-headed, as short-sighted, and as cowardly a compromise as any Chancellor ever presented. Myself I forbear to express any opinion on it beyond remarking that, good or bad, the simplicity of it destroys a life-long belief in the difficulty of the task of balancing a Nation's Budget. After all, Chancellors are not wizards. Given a couple of experts with tables of yields from this and that possible source of income, I could have made up my mind how to rob the hen-roost in a quarter of an hour.

The Academy. — Never did the Academy receive so admirable a kick-off. First a whisper, then a mild sensation. One esteemed contributor, it appeared, finding the source of inspiration dried up, laid his paints on enlarged photographs, while the year's child wonder was charged (whether justly or unjustly) with having copied an illustration (engraved on the hearts of all but the Selection Committee) from *Treasure Island*. It is cheap to jibe at the Royal Academy. That indeed is a dead Victorian vogue. A first glance at this year's exhibits reveals much that is meritorious and original. Inevitably it reveals also much that is in result, if not in process, a clothing in oils of enlarged photographs. In short, it is very much like the Academy of 1930. Not that I suggest the desirability of retrospective action. I am sure that nothing would come of a vigorous policy of scratching last year's Academy favourites to find enlarged photographs. I will only remark that the title "Aboard the *Hispaniola*" must have conjured up instantly to half the educated adults of this country that illustration of Israel Hands sprawling on the deck of the schooner; and if Homer nodded once, Homer may have nodded again. I should hate to think that all these years the Royal Academy may have been lacking in originality, and we knew it not. At any rate, we have tried to conceal our ignorance.

The Private View.—At the private view the originals of the portraits are apt to focus more attention than their counterfeit presentment, and the Ruthven twins bravely endured the trying experience of being stared at, discussed, and compared with their portraits. Sir John Lavery's portrait of Lord Lonsdale revived in my breast the eternal question inseparable from private views: what is the ultimate fate of these elaborate and embarrassing achievements? No human being could live long with them. And while on the subject of Sir John, let me warn you not to confuse his portrait of the Premier with Mr. Kirby's "Landlord of the Chequers." The Premier is merely tenant from week to week of the Chequers. The Munnings equestrian portraits are just like Munnings; the family groups are on conservative lines, there is nakedness classical and nakedness modern, there is welcome relief in three "Old Masters" by Greaves, Tonks, and Mrs. Swynnerton; there is John's annual and splendid veiled insult, and Orpen (let us hope, deliberately) provocative. On the whole the lesser lights rule the night. Pouf! I have done it. I have completed the circuit, another landmark behind me.

Three Wise Men.—England is the richer by the return of three of her most illustrious sons—the Prince, the Primate, and the ex-Viceroy. It is heartening to welcome them back to the fold. It gives me a sense of increased security; the wolf perhaps will give us a wider berth. There is nothing more I can usefully say about the Prince. He has done his job as only he can do it. As for the Primate, Mr. Pierpont Morgan has wrought a miracle. None expected to see Dr. Lang return in such high fettle. If he goes slow, the cure is like to be permanent. The garden at Lambeth is already a joy to the eye, and the wish of all is that it will lure and hold the Archbishop. Twice before he has broken down through attempting to make up arrears of work. Let us hope he has learned his lesson. As for Lord Irwin, none will grudge him a holiday. Let us give him a summer, and throw in a winter to hunt his hounds three days a week. Is he the first K.G., M.F.H.? But when March comes round we shall need him again, and it must be the earnest hope of every Conservative that when the call comes he will be prepared to assume a big share of the responsibilities of governing the country.

A Film Famine.—As in every other industry, cinema box-office receipts have fallen, and the cinema's loss is not, I fear, reflected in a proportionate gain to the theatre. To revive the public's interest, film exhibitors had recourse to more frequent changes in the Bill. As a result, new films were prematurely released or hastily finished, with unfortunate results. All available stocks of films deemed by the most elastic standards to be fit for presentation have been used up, and a noticeable decline in average of merit has completed the vicious circle. The evil which exhibitors set out to cure has been increased by new causes. There were many clear prophecies of trouble to come when the talkie came and easily conquered the safe and silent film (and knocked out for ever a valuable clientèle of cinema patrons). And it is, of course, the language difficulty which accounts for the present shortage of decent films. Some fine foreign films are lost to British audiences, and that is artistically a disaster. This crisis is hailed as an opportunity for British producers, and if it is so I hope our native genius will snatch it if the American stranglehold on every department of the industry can be evaded. If Englishmen would quit turning sheep's eyes on Hollywood and remember that Britain once possessed a dramatic genius all its own, and no mean ration of initiative, energy, and organizing ability, the crisis might well turn to our advantage. Let our native producers and exhibitors bear in mind a couple of forgotten maxims: "East, west, home's best," and "Silence is golden."

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.—Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the most famous hostess who ever threw open the doors of Dorchester House, Park Lane, died last week at the very hour when the finishing touches were put to the new hotel which has sprung up on the site of the Italian palace of Sir George Holford. Her magnificent hospitality was much in my thoughts when I paid my first visit to the new hotel. As of yore, the notables were jostling each other in very splendid and very different types of reception rooms and corridors. The old order yields to the new. The notables of to-day are gathered in a bigger (and smaller meshed) net. I suppose no other American woman ever came nearer to the ideal of hospitality attained by the great political hostesses of London in the early Edwardian age. The parties at Dorchester House in the season were as brilliant and as select as those given at Stafford House or Lansdowne House. The lions roared politely and were fed on ortolans and champagne and peaches. The lion-hunters roared after their prey. There were no lions of the sporting world in those days. There were political lions, literary lions, and one or two best selected stage lions, such as George Alexander. Diamond tiaras glittered on the head of every matron, stars twinkled and ribbons blushed. Statesmen carried opera hats in white-gloved hands. And women went pale with envy as they appraised the ropes of pearls that festooned inconspicuously the white linen tunics of visiting Rajahs. And Mrs. Whitelaw Reid had the *mot juste* for every occasion and each one of her guests. It was all very splendid, and conveyed a comfortable sense of permanence.

Cricket and L.S.D.—The cricket season has opened and all the old fans are in their places in the pavilion at Lord's, the old gags are heard along the bar, the old grouses in the members' room. It will not be a very dazzling season for English cricket, for there are no international tests of first-rate importance. If the question of L.S.D. did not bulk so large in English cricket, we should sit down with relief to watch a keenly-contested championship unhampered by Test match claims and calls. Unfortunately Test cricket is the only cricket which now pays dividends. Last year's harvest set some of the counties on their legs again. The current year's cricket may once more drain dry the reserves. For this same reason, the bold experiment of Yorkshire to go back to natural wickets this season will be watched with anxious interest. Natural wickets should give the bowler back a measure of his lost ascendancy, and it is generally held that in the north at any rate people will pay to watch big scores piled up, but not to see wickets merrily falling. I am not so sure—at any rate in Southern England, and I greatly hope that Yorkshire's lead will be followed. That is the only permanent cure for English cricket. Other new innovations (or compromises) which will be watched with interest are the championship scoring and the qualification rule. The stimulus to force an outright decision must be increased by the new scale, 15 points for a win against 5 for a first innings lead. With the counties in a position to put representative sides in the field all summer, we should have plenty to interest us if we are not dead to everything short of a sensation.

A Total Loss.—We can write off as a total loss the sweetest month of the year, the season of all most longingly anticipated. And what noble restraint the Press has shown in this trial! The whole of April went by in blighting winds and cold rain clouds, the woods on May Day were far barer than they were in December, the cuckoo stuttered once on or about April 24, and thereafter returned to silence and sulking. Summer Time proved a monstrous infliction and an absurd anomaly. Sundays and holidays have provided overtime to the rain gauges, and none but coal merchants and vendors of waterproofs have rubbed their hands with any satisfaction. High summer comes at last in a night, and we have lost a precious month of slow transformation. And the Press has talked far less about the weather than it generally does in normal conditions. It deserves a pat on the back.

THE OLD STAGER.

MAINLY SPORTING

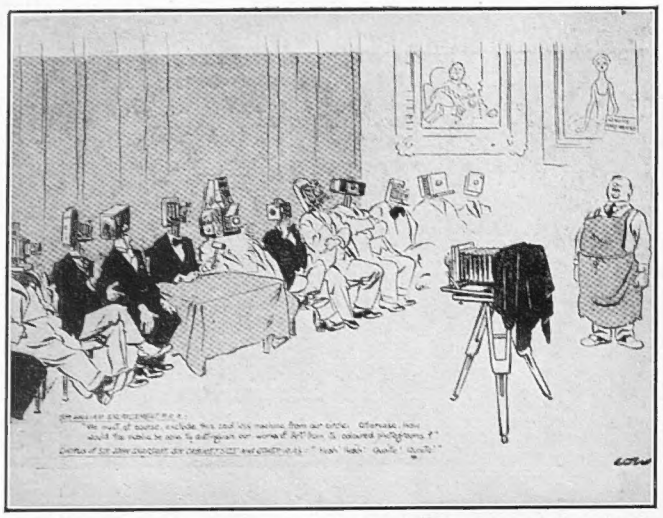
A Quartette of Athletic Pictures

THE MOST VIRILE OF GAMES: A tense moment during the Rugby League final between Yorks and Halifax at Wembley. The latter team won by 22 points to 8

THE COACHING SEASON: The Greyhound Stage Coaching season was inaugurated on May 1 by a run from the Berkeley Hotel to Great Fosters, Windsor Forest. The coach carried a load of well-known equine enthusiasts. The small picture shows the changing of horses at Sheen, the first stop, while above Mr. Claud F. Goddard's stage coach, "Tally Ho," is seen passing along Holly Bush Hill, near Fulmer, last Saturday, during the first run of the summer season from Fulmer to Maidenhead and back

DIVERSITY IN UNIFORMITY: The Hon. Piers Legh, Lord Ednam, the Prince of Wales, and Señor Jose Jurado, the Argentine Golf Champion, at Sunningdale, Berks, where the Prince spent his first afternoon at home after his triumphal South American tour, playing with members of the Argentine team who have come to England for the big annual tournaments. The leather jerkins have become part and parcel of the golfer's wardrobe, but the Prince has popularized the béret and the sweater worn inside the plus fours. Señor Jurado follows the Continental practice of wearing parti-coloured shoes for golf

The Strange Case of the 1931 Academy



By courtesy of "The Evening Standard"

THE ROYAL ACADEMY SITS IN CAMERA! Low's biting cartoon, *apropos* the Eves scandal. Sir William Enlargement, P.R.A., says: "We must, of course, exclude this soulless machine from our circle. Otherwise, how would the public be able to distinguish our works of Art from its coloured photographs?" To which the chorus of Sir John Snapshot, Sir Cabinet Size and other R.A.'s reply: "Heah! heah! quaite! quaite!"

VISITORS TO BURLINGTON HOUSE: Sir Neville and Lady Pearson (Miss Gladys Cooper), Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, and Dame Laura Knight with Mrs. Ethel Bartlett and Mr. Ray Roberts, the two well-known pianists visit the Academy before lunch—the fashionable time

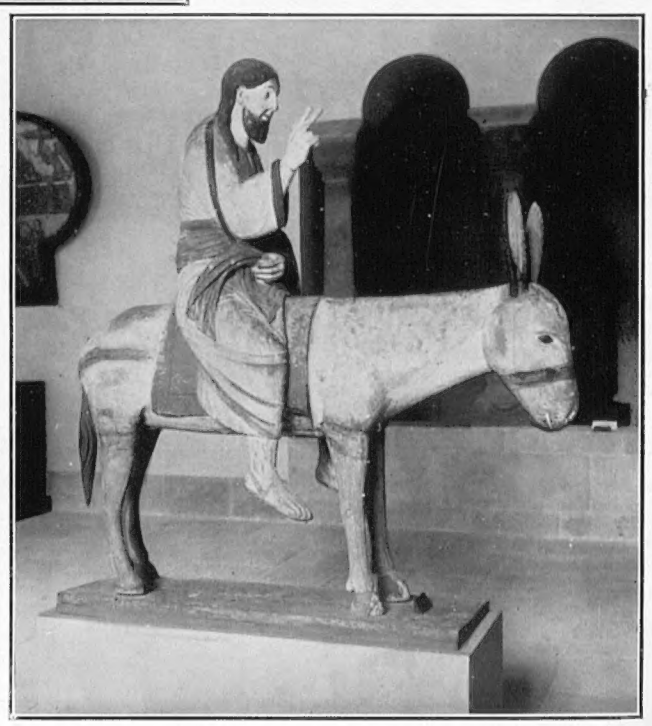
THE PRIVATE VIEW is, however, no longer the rigorous social function of yesteryear—as is evidenced by the rarity of silk hats

No Royal Academy Exhibition of recent years has been so much talked of by the great public—the return of three pictures to a distinguished exhibitor on the verge of an associateship was a sensation which spread far beyond the confines of the world usually concerned with art matters. The Academy is a British institution of the first order, although its private view is no longer quite the social function it once was. Not only an invitation but a silk hat was necessary in good King Edward's days if one were to mount that flower-bordered stairway with equanimity. Just how far the camera is used or should be used as an aid to the artist was discussed by everyone—some notable painters seeming to sanction more use of the lens than one would have supposed. That the Academy do not desire anyone to use photographic aid may be gathered from the last sentence in section five of the notices to exhibitors. It reads thus: "Miniature paintings over a photographic basis should not be sent." There is no doubt that many walked round the exhibition wondering. Much comment, too, has centred on Sir William Orpen's painting of Christ on an ass. The curious appearance of both rider and beast has its origin in an early mediæval statuette which attracted Sir William. The little group appeared in "The Sphere" earlier in the year. There is a primitive charm and naiveté in the original which does not appear to convey itself to the adverse critics of the painting. The President has given us an interesting summary of the aims of the Academy in the special supplement published by the "Daily Telegraph" on May 2. He writes: "In our exhibitions we have the responsibility of stimulating the public interest in modern art and encouraging the living artist. In forming our summer exhibitions of contemporary work, our endeavour is to be catholic, while maintaining as high a standard of excellence as is possible, and exhibiting only the best of the works that are submitted. Our aim is to exhibit what we deem the best, without favour to any particular school or method of expression. . . ."

THE ORIGINAL: Mr. Joe Brazier, who is immortalized as "Landlord of the Chequers" (Bishops Stortford), by J. K. Kirby

Above—THE ACADEMY ENTERTAINS: One of the galleries turned into an impromptu wine cellar for the R.A. Banquet on the evening of Private View Day at which the Duke of Gloucester was present

THE CREATOR OF SENSATION: "St. James's Street," by Mr. Reginald G. Eves, which was withdrawn from the 1931 Academy when it was discovered that it had been painted over a photographic enlargement for reasons stated by the artist



THE ORIGINAL OF THE ORPEN CHRIST: The twelfth-century sculpture of "Christ on the Ass" from Landshot, Bavaria, which Sir William Orpen has featured in one of his pictures

ANNIVERSARIES *of* FRANCE *and* GERMANY

THE 1,100th ANNIVERSARY OF ST. ANSGAR, PATRON OF HAMBURG

IN HONOUR OF NAPOLEON: Although May 5 is the official date of the anniversary of the death of the great Napoleon, French Bonapartists celebrate the date on the first Sunday in the month. Beautiful wreaths are laid at the foot of the column in the Place Vendôme surmounted by the bronze statue of the Emperor—an incident seen in the inset picture. At Les Invalides, pomp and circumstance are displayed at the scarlet marble tomb where the War God of Europe lies at rest beneath imperial standards crowned with the eagles. The top picture deals with St. Ansgar (Auxharius), whose 1,100th anniversary was celebrated by Catholic Hamburg (of which city he is the patron saint) this year. He was known as the Apostle of the North and was a native of Picardy and a monk of Corvei. Born in 801, he went under the patronage of Louis le Debonnaire, with his colleague Autbert, to convert the heathen in Schleswig in 826. Despite many persecutions, the Pope established in 831 an Archbishopric in Hamburg (transferred to Bremen in 847) and appointed Ansgar its first Archbishop. He made many missionary tours in Sweden and Denmark, and died at Bremen in 865

CRIME *and* PUBLICITY

Divorce Court News has Gone; it is here Foreshadowed that Criminal Court News may go also. The Question of Crime-Rationing is here Discussed

By FERDINAND TUOHY

At first sight there may not seem any connection possible between Chili and the "vampire" of Düsseldorf. Yet there is, and an effective one. The Chilian President is convening editors with a view to arriving at some form of gentleman's agreement for the rationing of crime reports in the local newspapers. And the case of the man Peter Kuerten exhibits the posed problem in perhaps its worst clothing.

That the matter of what it is "good for people" to read is as controversial as it is aged, one is well aware. Yet it must be self-evident that circumstances are changing—with the prompt admission of the multitude to every blessed thing that happens—and that it may soon be necessary to take fresh bearings, not alone on account of augmenting imitation in crime, but because of the unwholesomeness thrust far and wide, particularly among children and adolescents, by the present state of affairs. If there were any counter advantage to this insanitary promulgation it might be different; but there seems to be none. I am not among those who believe the oncoming world is going to be a vast improvement. Indeed, when children cause me to think of things, I sometimes contemplate them with misgiving, even sympathy; yet among the things they assuredly will do will be to ration and control the wholesale dissemination of crime and evil. Personally I have not a speck of doubt on this head. As we know, this debit side, a minor leavening of life, is distorted out of all proportion because (so one is told) of the public hungering for sensation. But do *all* the public so hunger? And, even if it did, must such craving be unfailingly pandered to? Do not many of us hunger for things we may not come by? I know a person who wades through every murder with the rarest morbid thrill. I do not believe that is doing her any more good than a whisky and soda after hours would do others harm. In point of fact, considering the things we are prohibited from doing, for the good of our own morals or for the protection of the community, it does seem little less than extraordinary that we should still be in a position to lap up crime-poison—I am not referring to England only—to saturate ourselves at a penny a time in such stuff as Blackheath murderers are made of.

You will have to go a long way before you get a more glaring example than the case of the man Kuerten. That German justice is a surprisingly cumbersome and antiquated affair for a nation so set upon self-improvement—closely resembling the French tragi-farce of the judge being "plus procureur que le Procureur"—those familiar with German amazement at the working of our Summary Court in the Rhineland will remember. We have just seen the Reichs' system working at its clumsiest, most medieval. At the Old Bailey, Kuerten, vampire or Dracula, would have lasted ten or twenty minutes of formality. He pleaded guilty. There was nothing to prove or probe, he having more than confessed all and displayed the coldest sanity. At Düsseldorf, however, the beast was made to yield a field day—ten of them—for judges and professors and special correspondents. The latter were privileged to attend as many days of superfluous horror and to tell the world of it east and west. (The Paris cartoonist, Abel Faivre, who drew the best war cartoon showing a *poilu* looking backward from Verdun and saying, "Pourvu que les civils tiennent!" hit it off again over the "vampire" by depicting a row of midinettes, rentiers and whatnot buried in their newspapers on the kerb, and one passer-by observing to a friend, "Madrid, no doubt," and the friend retorting, "Say rather Düsseldorf.") The newspapers told us how Kuerten felt when he was jabbing in the scissors and turning them; why he didn't do this to that person, and so on. Suavely, Kuerten permitted all his inhibitions and perversities to be drawn from him by learned counsel and professors, and this self-revealment, too, was cabled. Must we be surprised if other "vampires" develop presently here and there? We know how many people hover on the borderline of things, how many near-maniacs there are apart from the completed article. What better way to tempt the timid ones a little farther along the path than by pandering to their pathological cases by telling them all about it, what it feels like? And there is another element, now, also to be considered, a freshly-arrived one which tends to put the whole matter of excessive crime publicity once more on the mat.

The widespread publicity achieved by Kuerten was, by his own showing, chiefly what he desired to encompass. Kuerten wanted to become the biggest, most talked-of murderer in the world. He wanted, particularly, one supposes, to outdo Haarmann, of Hanover. One can see the fellow gloating over himself in the newspapers; that, probably, gave him his real thrill. Mad? How so? Any more than a host of others, as manifested in their devious ways of chasing publicity. Kuerten merely had a rabid publicity bug. He was unable to gratify it by riding round the town with giraffes or by giving an Eskimo bridal party, so he killed people. We have reached a stage where, for crime to act contagiously, it is not necessary that its call should operate only upon the criminal or mad. Like Leopold and Loeb, like that Southend youth hanged not long ago through wanting to see his picture in the papers, Kuerten carries forward the new-fangled publicity-criminal as forged by publicity in many lands. And Kuerten was lucky, having his craving gratified up to the last by a kindly bench which sentenced him nine separate times to death for as many different murders. It reminds me of Landru, that memorable midnight at Versailles ten years ago when, after the accused had been found guilty, he had to sit for over an hour while forty odd cases of theft were also gone into, and while cameramen hopped about him reaping their till beneath hastily erected arc lamps.

PUBLICITY FOR THE DRACULA OF DUSSELDORF: Sometimes publicity is an inspiration of the criminal; frequently an inspiration of the crime

Landru earned unprecedented publicity, why didn't a flock of imitators come after him? The answer to that is simple. Landru was, first and last, a War criminal, profiting by the police being in the army and by the general confusion in which people were not missed or "tant pis—on la reverra un jour!" Landru was arrested directly the late War ended; he is likely to remain inimitable until the next one.

It is the contention, then, that a new factor has appeared in the matter of crime suggestion which, Heaven knows, was bad enough without it.

The simple fact is that we are giving far more publicity to crime and evil than ever we did—what with spurious "detective" sheets taking the place of more or less harmless "penny dreadfuls," and the riot of cheap Edgar Wallaceing and Al Capone, and the English Sunday of potted crime and dirt at tuppence a whack, and the undue "boosting" of flying squads and big fives. Perhaps it may be the full blast prior to the turn in events.

An especially obnoxious feature of the present publicity given to crime concerns the manner in which, because there do not happen as yet to be any real gunmen in England, few opportunities are lost to slip the word "gunman" into crime reports. Presently we may expect the alchemy to work, with the result that we shall have gunmen. A publication of standing even saw fit to print a cheerful anticipation of gunmen in Piccadilly, by a master thriller, and replete with illustrations showing figures tumbling before the pavilion under the machine-gunning of two typical navvies. And to think this kind of thing is allowed, and that we may not linger over a luncheon liqueur. . . . .

In like vein, because we have not reached racketeering yet—that is a pity, behind the times again! Let there be racketeers. So we read about a medical racket, some fudge about general practitioners swindling consulting specialists.

Please, though, do not imagine that I am "getting at" England—far from it, each country has its crime publicity problem, and one or two considerably more so than ourselves—France, for instance. *The Times* not long ago printed a striking computation of current French crime. It is rather fearsome; is, indeed, beginning to exercise the public conscience, particularly the long, printed columns of gore daily, the perpetual suggestion emanating therefrom, teaching, incitement to others.

If Frenchmen hadn't read morning, noon, and night about revolvers ever since the War they wouldn't now be using them upon each other with such scant reflection: or Frenchwomen either. For a long time "la Dame au Browning" held the stage, always sure of acquittal, as the newspapers kindly kept her posted, but now the wifely sleep-shooter is the vogue. Quite simple. The thing having been copiously advertised, with special reference to acquittals, all an *épouse* has to do is to shoot her husband in his sleep and then say he was drunk and would have assuredly brutalized her and the children in the morning. With us, the "drunk" might have provided an hour for a Spilsbury, not so in France. Enough that the hand that shot the husband rocks a cradle. You can—literally—get away with murder in France if your lawyer can say you are a *père* or a *mère de famille*; produce progeny, and it gives you great play with the Code Napoléon. Many a Frenchman's head is lying less easily these days as a direct result of all the publicity given to crime.

In Italy that so-wise man in many things, Mussolini, is for rationing crime, clean down, in the newspapers which are one and all so beholden to him. Yet recent observation indicated that he still has a long way to go. Italian kiosks remain draped with carmine happenings for the edification of *giovanezza*. But sensationalizing over current *causes célèbres*—over a Rouse—has been deleted by the Duce.

One supposes it is hardly necessary to instance the United States, where they should soon have a Gunman's Corner — unless the bronze coffins should prove too big.

If the cables do not entirely mislead, the Al Capones and "Legs" Diamonds have left the Babe Ruths far behind in popular appeal. What the gangsters owe to publicity, to screaming "banner" headlines telling their exploits! One almost suspects at times that the leaders must have their press agents. We see a new type feeding the Press and being as good as feted by it in return. Already the gangster is on the way in Europe, through all the reading about him; as he has, from the same cause, permeated through and through American life.

Ought we not to bestow more attention on this whole matter of crime publicity in view of the rapid rise of millions whose kind never read a line before? As things stand I fail to see why I should not be able extensively to advertise a Crime Correspondence School. "How to Blackmail the Boss." "What not to Leave Behind after a Murder." And so on. Particularly, when a new crime-type developed such as a Rouse, I might get out a lesson presenting crime-by-motor, all embellished. So apposite, on the threshold of motoring-for-all.

Crime-mongering, writing up murderers' lives, glorifying "intriguing" criminals, are more practised than in my young Fleet Street day before the War. Yet one hears increasingly that the public's intelligence is monstrously under-estimated; and that expert, Lord Riddell, has suggested more foreign and world news. The public has become educated up to this. Hear, hear.

Perhaps it is a question of all newspapers' toeing a common and voluntary line simultaneously—since one can well understand the disinclination of a single publication to take the step of crime-rationing alone.

The central point to remember seems to be that it does no one any good to read *in extenso* about crime, nor does this spinning out of the anti-social abnormal benefit anybody; while, in democratized to-day, it can work a whole lot of harm and does and will continue to do, and increasingly until something is altered. The time-honoured arguments against any curbing of the present spate are familiar:

Justice requires a maximum of publicity.

The newspapers can be of much assistance on occasion in tracking criminals.

The answer to the first is that justice would still get all the publicity necessary without the existing "ballyhoo." There's the jury. The courts would remain open to all. And the records would be available to Press and public alike. For some time there has been a divorce publicity restriction law in operation which appears to be working smoothly and not to have killed a solitary newspaper. There's no hushing up. Ample stigmatizing of the guilty parties. The deterrent of publicity continues to be fully evident. Why could not something similar be applied to certain categories of crime, to commence with? Brief reports of the facts, replete with names, and telling the progress of the case? I feel sure we shall come to that, by public acclaim, some day.

As for newspaper assistance to the police, that could be given as heretofore in the wide publication of pictures and relevant details of the hunt.

The VICEROYS of INDIA

Processional and Recessional

THE GOOD-BYE SMILE: Lord Irwin, in the grey frock coat and solar topee associated with him, bids a smiling adieu to the land he governed for five years

AT THE GATEWAY OF INDIA: Lord and Lady Willingdon after their arrival at Bombay. They received an enthusiastic welcome

THE FAREWELL ADDRESS: Lord Irwin addresses the Corporation on his retirement after the five most critical years India has known since the Mutiny

STATE RECEPTION: The incoming Viceroy and Vicereine are introduced to the Governor-General's staff at the Gateway of India by Sir Frederick and Lady Sykes

THEIR EXCELLENCIES: Lord and Lady Willingdon at Bombay, fresh from their success in Canada and experienced of old in Indian affairs

THE WELCOME OF BOMBAY: Lord and Lady Willingdon drive in state in an open carriage to Government House. Inset above—Their Excellencies are seen receiving naval officers presented to them inside the Gateway of India, Bombay. It is an ancient principle of historic etiquette that the outgoing and incoming Viceroys shall not meet on Indian soil

Late NEWS of the WEEK

Soissons Restored: Mr. Fairbanks, Shikar: London's Latest Restaurant: A Christening of Note: A Tattoo Rehearsal

A SOCIETY CHRISTENING: Susan Mary Balfour, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Balfour, was given her names at Westminster Cathedral a few days ago. The attractive and minute cynosure of neighbouring eyes is seen above with her father and mother (in the front row on the right)

THE PROWESS OF "DOUG". Douglas Fairbanks, whose athletic ability is not limited to film stunts, exhibiting to two friends the skin of a young leopard which he shot in Agra during a big game hunt. Mr. Fairbanks who is at present in London, where he soon will be joined by his wife, Mary Pickford, has denied emphatically the rumours that he and his wife are going to separate

THE STATE PRESENTS THE KEY: Soissons Cathedral, which was almost razed to the ground by intense bombardments during the War, was inaugurated recently after the splendid architectural feat of its rebuilding by M. Paul Léon, the Director of the Beaux-Arts representing the French Government, who is seen above handing the keys to Monseigneur Mennechet, the Bishop of Soissons, in full canonicals

BACK TO ITS PRE-WAR GRANDEUR: A view of Soissons Cathedral, the restoration of which, just completed, ranks as a notable architectural achievement. When it is realized to what a ruin the German guns reduced it, the reconstruction approaches the field of the miraculous. *On left*—A NOTABLE WAR CORRESPONDENT: The late Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, who represented newspapers on the battle front while still in his teens. His *pièce de resistance* was the Dardanelles Campaign; but he reported every war since 1898

WHO SAYS WE ARE WITHOUT HUMOUR? A scene at Rushmoor Arena when General Evans, the officer commanding the Tattoo, launched Cæsar's galley, *Ramasa*, which will be one of the features of the show. A Roman centurion is seen above pointing out the Roman shipbuilders' signboard to an Army bandsman. The Tattoo set-pieces include the Boadicean campaign against the Roman legions, in which this galley is used, and the retreat to Corunna

LONDON'S FIRST AUTOMATIC RESTAURANT: Miss Cicely Courtneidge, one of the first patrons of the importation from America in the Strand (christened not *Automat* but *Fresto*) which offers a selection of thirty-six dishes, which include such luxuries as caviare sandwiches, each costing 6d. or 3d.

MYNHEER *in the* PACIFIC:

Java, Most Modern of Oriental Lands, Does High Honour to its Dutch Governors, who Have Allowed it to Develop on its Own Lines and Yet Controlled its Destiny

By R. V. C. BODLEY

The Kingdom of the Netherlands has held for the last three centuries a great empire half the size of Europe lying midway between India and Australia, called the Dutch East Indies, or by some old-fashioned people the Sunda Archipelago. But though world cruises have so facilitated travel that Java and the adjoining islands have ceased to be mere names on the map, it is doubtful whether the tourist who is rushed on shore, rushed to the principal sights, and rushed back to the luxuries of his cabin aboard has registered any definite impressions beyond coconut palms, damp heat, and a vague idea that the inhabitants all wear coloured skirts. He does not appreciate the great task which the Dutchman has accomplished in developing this Holland beyond the seas, making of it a healthy, prosperous province secure and civilized.

Even the traveller who has decided to spend a few months in Java will probably not see much of the inside life of the people, as, though introductions to Europeans who reside in the ports will ensure him having "a good time," they will not take him beyond the limits of the clubs and the sports grounds, as, in spite of the proverbial hospitality of the Dutch East Indies, these town-dwellers are very self-centred and do not go much outside their own circles.

IN SESSION: The Board of Delegates of the Javanese Volksraad at Weltevreden

Neither is it easy to get at the back of things through the natives who, did they even wish to be on familiar terms with Europeans, would find intercourse difficult owing to the language, which not only varies according to district but has inflections which take years to master. Pidgin Malay, such as spoken to servants, is easy enough to pick up; but high Malay, Sundanese, Javanese, and Madoerese are not only quite separate languages, but are subdivided themselves into two dialects, that of the master and that of the man, known as high and low Sundanese, Javanese, etc. A European, therefore, must not only be able to talk the high language and understand the replies in the low language, but he must also be conversant with a sort of intermediary language used among equals in rank. It is true that many of the more modern Javanese speak Dutch, but none that I have met know any English.

The language barrier is a pity, as Java is not typified by the great ports of Batavia and Sourabaya, business centres and pleasure resorts where taxis hoot and cinemas flicker, while the ladies of fashion in their latest Parisian creations despise the planters in their jungle homes. But it is in those homesteads, be they Dutch or British, lost in the depths of rubber forests or perched on the mountain slopes of tea estates, that one sees the real life of Java and the real men who have made of this island of perpetual summer the richest agricultural country in the world. For though the universal trade slump has not spared the planters it has not affected Java's natural wealth; in fact it is partly due to this unbelievable fertility that the world has become overstocked with raw material. *Nearly fifty million natives, with a sprinkling of Europeans living on an area of 50,000 square miles, and all cultivating the land.

Sugar cane, quinine, rubber, tobacco, tea, coffee, kapok, copra, rice, tapioca, oil palms, to mention only the most important products, grow in close proximity to one another, and it is said that on virgin soil a walking stick would take root.

All the trees in Java seem to be giants. At first, when one stands on the edge of one of those menacing forests watching the black monkeys springing about in the boughs, while one tries to distinguish the mysterious sounds of the jungle, it is difficult to gather coherent thoughts and formulate an impression — these forests are so huge, the undergrowth so thick, the trees so tall, unbelievably tall. In Europe there are forests, beautiful forests with majestic trees, but when one thinks of them after standing in the midst of those giants of Java one can only remember the smallness of their stature. Even the minor trees which form the undergrowth in the tropics are taller than the main body of a wood in England.

Then there is the density of the jungle, the creepers, the cutting grasses, the lianas which coil themselves about the trunks like hungry serpents until the original tree is devoured, while the trailing orchids sprouting from all parts of the branches high up glitter like delicate butterflies.

In England it is a pleasant relaxation to go for a walk in a wood, but in Java one might just as well contemplate walking through a block of buildings, for unless there is some sort of track it is impossible to advance more than a yard at a time without hacking one's way, while the stifling, steamy heat makes any exertion unbearable. Awesome, menacing forests slowly encroaching on the and cleared for cultivation, beaten back by the planter pitting his science against Nature, but certain in the end that the forest will win.

There are 1,200 different species of trees in Java, and to those interested a visit to the Government Botanical Gardens at Buitenzorg will be a revelation. It is a masterpiece of planning and is like an outdoor museum of tropical trees and plants, so luxuriant that after wandering about for an hour one longs for a few moments in Hyde Park.

The roads in Java are excellent, the railways adequate (though travelling by this means is unbelievably dirty), and the main towns are linked up by admirable air services.

The hotels vary, but the better ones are quite as good as anything in Europe and are not expensive. The first class charge about £1 a day for a big room, bathroom, and veranda, with three copious meals, and there are others perfectly clean and comfortable which are cheaper.

Undoubtedly the most interesting way to see the country is by car, which enables the traveller to stop where he feels inclined and climb into some of those unbelievably beautiful mountain districts known as the Preanger.

The estates, practically all tea and quinine, nestle below the towering peaks of extinct volcanoes, with here and there a crater which lazily smokes but very rarely erupts. The roads wind about in a crisp, clear atmosphere which makes an overcoat necessary in the evening, and at night when sleeping under two blankets it is difficult to believe that less than two hours' drive away people are sweltering without any cover but a mosquito net.

Then if one has had the good fortune to meet a planter living on the south coast the car permits gorgeous trips to the Indian Ocean seaboard, practically unknown to travellers owing to the lack of hotels. It is true that there are local rest houses, rather primitive though clean, but as no one there can talk any European language, an interpreter is required. Still, if one can get a glimpse of those snowy beaches fringed with feathery coconut palms, where the jade-green waves boom unceasingly on the coral reef, it will make up for any lack of modern comforts. Bathing is not recommended as, even if one keeps within one's depth and out of the shark and sword-fish danger zone, there is still the giant ray which can with one flick of its tail disembowel the unwary.

A point should be made of going to the last two remaining Sultanates in Java, situated in the flat sugar district of mid-Java at Djocjakarta and Soerakarta. These Sultanates, strange relics of the past with their courtiers and umbrella carriers and old-fashioned royal barouches, have in reality no authority over the people they are supposed to govern, but the Dutch tactfully allow the two rulers to carry on a life which suggests autocracy and pleases the native population without doing anyone any harm.

Unfortunately it is almost impossible to penetrate into the *Kratons*, or palaces, without an introduction from a Dutch official; but if the opportunity occurs, and one is able to see one of the Court functions, and witness the Court actors or dancers giving a performance, it will be a unique experience.

There are, of course, occasions at local feasts when travelling players and dancers with the *Gamelan* orchestra give shows which are quaint enough if one has not seen that sort of thing before, but the real old theatrical "ceremonies" of Java exist only at the Sultan's *Kratons*. The dances are carried out by ladies of royal or noble blood, the leading four, known as *Serimpies*, being daughters or granddaughters of the Sultan who are still under marriageable age; the remaining nine, *bedojos*, are girls from thirteen to twenty-five officially chosen for their lineage but often simply on account of their beauty, as they all become *ex officio* the Sultan's concubines.

These ballets, which are certainly not Muhammadan and not really Hindu, differ from anything else in any part of the world, their origin is doubtful, but they are obviously very old, and the Javanese themselves maintain that they were handed down to the Princesses of Soerakarta by the nymphs. (Hence the four principal dancers mentioned above.)

It is an amazing spectacle to see these dancers glide and poise, and then turn so slowly that at times it seems as if they had stopped, but the movement never actually ceases and never becomes jerky. It is rather like a slow motion cinematograph of a man running. All the while the *Gamelan* orchestra tinkles and booms melodiously as the musicians tap their multitudinous gongs.

The music of Java is, I believe, the most highly developed and the most complicated of the East, which is strange when one realizes that the numerous instruments, with the exception of the zither, the bamboo flute, and the knee violin, are all made of bell metal, hand-embossed when white hot, and not infrequently heated eighty times to obtain the right note.

The *Gamelan* is also used to accompany the chorus which tells the tale when the *Wajang* players in hideous masks (worn to show that the actors are not trying to portray one of God's creatures) enact the Hindu legends of ancient Java — another anomaly, as the people of the country have been Muhammadans since the fifteenth century.

Djocjakarta is also a centre for excursions to various Hindu ruins, the most famous of which are the Brambanan and the Borobudhur, the latter a magnificent edifice 126 feet square, covered with exquisite carvings of great age and rising up like a pyramid to a cupola 50 feet in diameter in which sits a gigantic figure of Buddha, while on the various terraces squat seventy life-sized Buddhas looking serenely out on a feathery landscape of palm trees, pale green against the background of rugged mountains.

However, though these relics of the past are no doubt of great interest, they do not to my mind represent Java—the Java of the mountains and rivers and forests and volcanoes, the land of perpetual summer which the Dutch, with their methodical thoroughness, have not only developed agriculturally, but also opened up and Westernized to an extent which astonishes the visitor who has lived in other Oriental countries. The sanitation and water supply are alone worthy of special study, the design of the modern living houses, the architecture of the public buildings are as good as anything of the same kind in Europe, and are enhanced by a perfect setting, for I have no hesitation in saying that of all the countries which I have seen in many parts of the world Java is the most beautiful.

MODERNITY: The Batavia-Djocja Express crosses the concrete viaduct between Meester Cornelis and Manggarai, near Weltevreden

* The official figures of the 1930 Census are not yet out, but a rough calculation estimates something like 47,000,000.

WHERE WITCHES ARE REAL

"Spring Medicine" of the Mohawk Indians

By ROBERT READE

Strange things are happening in Mohawk settlements in Ontario. On the Tyendinaga reserve near Deseronto witches are putting a murrain on cattle, some kind of marasmus on children, and are keeping the milk from churning. On the Six Nations' reservation near Brantford, balls of fire have been dancing fitfully all night long over houses and cedar swamps, and fading away like ghosts at dawn. And some of the startled observers of these pyrotechnics imagine that old women seemingly snug at their own fireside are riding the heavens in malignant flame, fighting spring's renaissance and endeavouring to keep the land under the spell of its greatest bewitchment, which is winter.

I have visited both occult centres to investigate these magical phenomena. And it was well worth my struggles with muddy roads and the risk of having myself as well as my car bewitched.

Thanks to the blessing in disguise of a clay-bound car, I chanced upon a remarkably picturesque ceremony, the dance at the new moon at the time of the making of sugar, the most powerful of all medicines for Spring fever. Attempting to visit a famous Indian herbalist, Charles Silversmith, I ventured along a cross road on the Six Nations' reserve. Soon I was worse than mired. I slid out of the ruts and had two wheels at an angle in a ditch. The witches, I thought, were punishing me for my attempt to expose their mysteries. There wasn't a horse within a mile, but three husky, good-natured Indian strong men soon proved good medicine men. With their shoulders and a logging-chain they broke the witches' spell and got me back on the road.

Back at the corners I went on another tack and stopped at the house of a noted healer, Andrew Thomas. I had not sat long in his kitchen questioning him about occult phenomena when his daughters hurriedly began to clear the table of its crockery which they carried into an inner room. With almost frantic haste they pushed the table back against the walls. Then they flung open both doors.

"They're coming," said the old man, "but don't be alarmed. They won't hurt you."

He motioned me to a chair behind the iron rampart of the stove. As he spoke I could hear a strange roar coming from the road. In a few seconds a big black devil cleared the threshold with a mighty leap like a sprinter hurling himself at the finishing post. Back of him were other "devils," red and brown and light straw coloured. But my preliminary diagnosis of them as devils was erroneous. They proved to be beneficent spirits, devil destroyers, witch removers. All of them wore masks which would have been terrifying if seen on a dark night. No medieval gargoyles were more grotesque. Long red tongues lolled out of leering mouths. Some grinned from ear to ear and had teeth like those of a horse. Others had lips violently askew in a sardonic scowl. The black masks were the intimidating ones. The red masks had cheeks puffed out like pumpkins or the cheeks of a seraphic inanely smiling Buddha. And there were straw masks full of protuberances like long dangling wens. It was a hooded clan like the Ku Klux. Some actually wore white sheets. Others utilized potato sacks and flour bags. Others draped themselves in patchwork quilts and stuffed pillows into their stomachs or on their backs to form humps.

In their hands they carried long sticks and shrivelled mud turtles full of dried peas or bird shot. From the mouths of their masks issued a strange inhuman rumbling like the growling of a bear or the neighing of a horse. As their faces were fringed with the manes and tails of horses, I took it that their cries were imitations of equine noises. They loped into the kitchen pounding their staves on the floor and shaking their turtles. With a steady shuffle of feet like that of a clog dance, they danced around poking their long noses into every receptacle—the water pail, the milk crock, the cups and bowls in the kitchen dressers, even the pan stewing on the fire.

They also poked their noses into the faces of the young girls who giggled. They also rubbed noses with me in their weird pantomime. The old man beamed. His five sons stamped their feet to the rhythm of the dance and smiled. The dancers were obviously full of the comic spirit and evoked it in their audience. One did not need to be told that this was some manifestation of the joy of Spring's awakening.

All the time the maskers were in the kitchen they kept on the run. They seemed to be chasing something. And they made their exit as they had made their entrance, by a prodigious leap over the threshold. That leap seemed to me to have a meaning all its own.

As the human gargoyles raced down the road to the next house, a troop of women and children at their heels, I asked the old Indian medicine man what it was all about.

"They're driving the spirits from the houses," said he. "We thank them and make them a present of a little packet of tobacco. But I could tell it to you better in my own language."

From his own English and the better English of his sons and daughters, I got a sufficiently clear notion of the method behind this seeming madness.

"We belong to the Cayuga Long House," they said. "All the long houses have a day like this at this time of the year. This is our day. The young men start out first thing in the morning and visit all the houses just as you have seen. And then at the end of the afternoon they go to the long house for a dance."

It was strange that when I used the word "witch" none of them knew what I was talking about.

"I understand perfectly what you say," remarked one of the daughters, "but I don't quite understand what you mean."

"But isn't there a Mohawk word for 'witch'?" I persisted. "An old woman who makes people sick and flies about in the air."

A gleam of comprehension came into her face. She talked rapidly in Mohawk to her father. He nodded his head. Her brothers joined in the lively chatter, and I saw that they had got my meaning.

"Yes," said one of the sons gravely, "there's a good deal of it going on. There have been balls of fire flying around in the air lately. Some are over the houses. Others float over the bush. We can't just figure what they are. We think they may be witches, but we can't see them."

"In Deseronto," I remarked, "I heard that you have to take a certain medicine if you want to see the witch."

"That's right," said the boy eagerly. "That's right."

Hearing another distant rumble from the road, he broke off and exclaimed, "Here's more of them."

There was another procession of masks into the kitchen; small boys in the cheaper straw coverings leaping like calves in Spring pastures, burly men in the elaborately carved wooden masks roaring like bulls or moaning like *basso profundo* doves. Like their predecessors, they poked their long flexible noses into the jam pot and the salt shaker and the simmering saucepan.

Evidently the giving of tobacco is a well-established old Six Nations' custom. As I was puffing a cigarette one of the most hideous of the masks thrust his fiendish face into mine. At first I thought he was trying to frighten me as he had frightened my spaniel. Then I understood his gesture. He wanted a cigarette.

"But you can't smoke in that outfit," I protested.

With an eager whinny, he pushed his wooden face nearer. I put a cigarette in the hole of the mouthpiece. When I touched a match to it he roared in gratitude like the draught of a furnace.

Immediately I was surrounded by a score of others mutely craving a gift to propitiate the spirits. While brass and tin eyes glared at me I pushed cigarette after cigarette into the lip orifices. I was afraid that those who wore straw masks might set themselves on fire, but that did not happen.

The Long House was a high frame structure about 60 ft. long containing two sheet iron stoves. Directly behind it was a small log cabin. Into this the "devils" crammed themselves.

A PAGAN FESTIVAL: The witch dancing of the Mohawks

In the meantime the spectators took their seats on benches in the Long House. There was a sprinkling of men in overalls, sweater coats, and high rubber boots, but the audience was mainly women and children. There were many wrinkled old women in prim black clothes and bonnets, and as they sat there and waited in silence, you might have thought it was a Quaker meeting. Their silence ended when the "devils" left their secret lodge and with a wild neighing and tossing of manes came on all fours into the central space of the big hall. The shriek of laughter that came from the old ladies and the young ladies and the children was like that which hails the entrance of the clowns at a circus. And the masked pantomimists were clowns, superb clowns. Scrambling and crawling around the muddy floor they indulged in all manner of side-splitting horse play. As the clowns strike one another with a slap stick, so they rubbed one another with their rattles as with a currycomb.

What especially amused me was the group of small boys, eight or ten years of age, who, wearing little masks and carrying little turtles, imitated the twitchings and convulsions of the older performers. If there was a headliner it was a mask who looked as if he had stepped out of a minstrel show. His face was an excruciatingly grotesque and exaggerated imitation of a negro face, plus a Roman nose. In addition to white horsehair chin-whiskers and side-whiskers he had long horsehair eyebrows. He wore a long black swallow-tail coat, and out of his back pocket peeped a red bandana and a bottle—a real comedian.

This dancing or rather floor grovelling was merely a prelude to the ritual. On one side stood a tall, dignified Indian, with no head-dress or any regalia. Opposite him stood the comedian.

The ceremonial chief with great solemnity began a recitation in Mohawk. At the conclusion of each paragraph the chorus squatting on the floor gave their guttural horse-chant and agitated their rattles like tambourines.

The comedian with the utmost irreverence as if mocking him, shook his long nose and went through antics that made the women scream with laughter. The chief pointed an accusing finger at him and spoke in evident indignant rebuke, but that did not curb him. He evidently was the comic relief in this semi-religious drama.

There was complete silence when the chief stood in front of one of the long stoves and began a long invocation. At times he lifted his head. At times he bowed it as if in prayer. And at intervals he cast a handful of tobacco on the flames.

When he was through, the comedian in the black mask also stood in front of the stove. He, too, raised and lowered his head. He, too, cast handfuls of some dust or powder into the flames, but at everything he did people laughed uproariously.

And now began the concluding dance. It was a lively affair which left the performers breathless. No mænads or dervishes were wilder in their whirling. The feet of the spectators began to tap to the crescendoing rhythm of these shuffling feet, and snapping, crackling turtles. My own feet twitched.

When the Cayuga rhapsody ended it was immediately metamorphosed into a congregational jig. Jumping up on the benches the mummers, with threatening gestures with their sticks, forced everyone into the centre of the floor. There a chain was quickly formed, and the entire company with hands on one another's shoulders shuffled around and around in a snake dance that a college roosters' club would envy. Old ladies, giggling young girls, little toddling boys, stalwart braves all were in it, inextricably mixed up with the ebony and vermilion and lemon-coloured faces. And the prim black-bonneted old women, it seemed to me, jigged with the greatest gusto and ecstasy.

Seated near the door, I was beating a strategic retreat when a big "devil," massaging me with his tortoise-shell rattle, whirled me by the shoulders to force me into the dancing throng. Appeasing him with a cigarette, I managed to shuffle out of the throng.

Ludicrous paganism, you may say. Not a bit of it. It was melodious "Spring medicine," rural poetry breathing in the phrase of Keats, of Provençal song and sun-burned mirth, a vernal cult old as the world.

FLEETS *at* WORK *and* PLAY

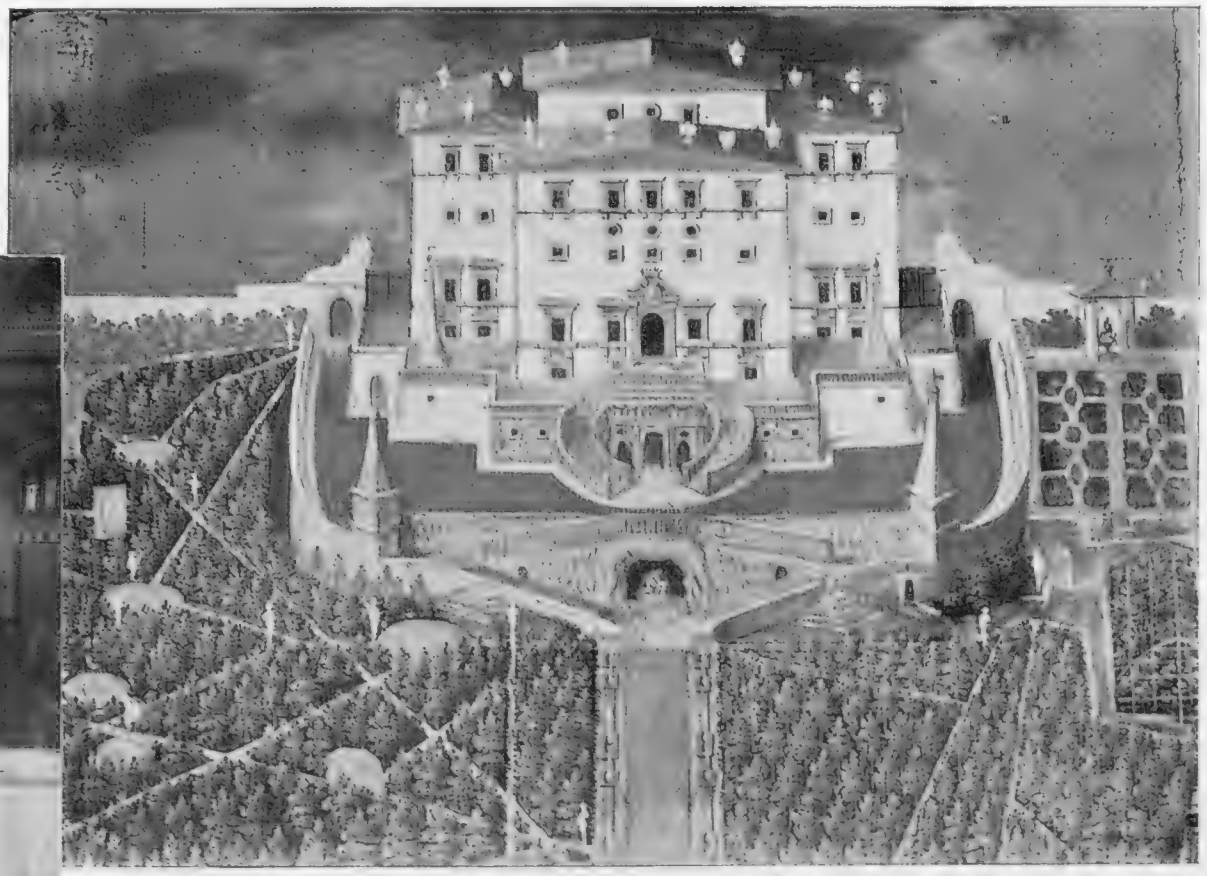
PLOUGHING THROUGH THE MONSOON: One of the new light German cruisers, the Karlsruhe, *making her way through the Indian Ocean. This is one of the most remarkable of recent pictures of a modern vessel heeling over in mountainous seas and shipping water in great bulk*

"SAILORS DON'T CARE!" Ratings of H.M.S. Warspite *bathe from the side of the ship during the visit of the Second Battle Squadron to Madeira, after the spring exercises in which the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets combined. The truth of the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is realized to the full in the Senior Service, and recreation is specially catered for*

THE GERMAN FLEET AT SWINEMUNDE: The whole German High Seas Fleet recently gathered together in the great Pommeranian harbour—a rare occurrence. Hard by the ships of the line, Schleswig-Holstein, Elsass, Hannover, *and the cruisers,* Königsberg *and* Köln, *were four torpedo-boat destroyer flotillas. In this view is seen a half-flotilla, while in the background is the cruiser,* Köln. *The German habit, now that there is no Royal Family to give its names to the ships, is to christen them territorially*

ITALIAN GARDENS

Items in the Exhibition now Open in Florence



A GARDEN OF YESTERDAY: A painting of the ancient Villa of Pratolino, once the property of the Medici, now the home of the Princess Abimelech. This is on view at the Exhibition of Italian Gardens in Florence to which over forty rooms of the Palazzo Vecchio are devoted. Two rooms are devoted to artificial flowers from many lands and executed in many materials

LA SALA DEL CINQUECENTO: *Workmen engaged in preparing this famous apartment in the Palazzo Vecchio for the Exhibition of Italian Gardens. The walls of the room were to have been painted by Leonardo da Vinci, but only in 1553 was the work begun. It was completed by Vasari. The building was erected in 1495 by the Council of Florence after the expulsion of the Medici*

BY PAOLO VERONESE: The rich Epulone and his courtiers dining in a garaen—one of the remarkable paintings collected at the Exhibition of Italian Gardens in Florence. The "musick," the lazzaroni, the cavorting horse, the rich garments and stately pleasaunce suggest (albeit two centuries later) the atmosphere immortalized by Boccaccio

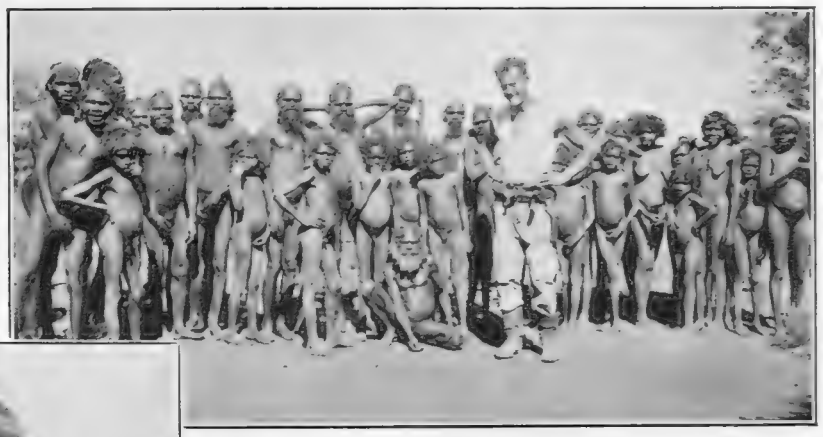
"CONCERT IN THE GARDEN": A painting by F. Zugno, lent to the Italian Garden Exhibition by Boeler of Munich

LOOKING ACROSS THE VALLEY OF THE ARNO: One of the most beautiful of the many lovely gardens in Tuscany is this, the formal garden of the Villa Gamberaia. The symmetry of the layout is almost paralleled by the flora, while privacy is assured by the high hedge of euonymus, cleft into Romanesque arches at the lower end

On April 26 the Prince and Princess of Piedmont opened in Florence an Exhibition of Italian Gardens. Two large rooms contain every kind of artificial flower made in every conceivable material, sent by French, Italian, German, Viennese, and Czechoslovak makers. The famous Sala del Cinquecento holds small-scale models, about 10 ft. by 6 ft., beautifully made and lighted, of formal gardens, ranging from those of Pompeii to the present day.

The TERRY EXPEDITION *into the* AUSTRALIAN DESERT

ART OF THE ABORIGINES: Mural paintings found in a cave at Ayers Rock. The various figures are not disconnected but tell a story, one incident of which concerns a snake hunt. The work is done either with ochre or with the blackened end of a stick



BLACKS AND WHITE: Mr. Michael Terry, the leader of the expedition, with the fat and healthy blacks of the Tomkinson Ranges. Contrary to general belief and tradition, the blacks of the Australian lumberland are far from treacherous or inimical to any invading whites. If left alone, they do not display even resentment of the latters' arrival

THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION: Mr. Michael Terry, whiskered and moustached, with a couple of baby emu chicks born at Ayers Rock

MOUNT OLGA: One of the many domes which are some 700 ft. high. The 1-ton Morris truck (which with nine camels, four whites and a black boy, formed the personnel and equipment of the expedition) is two miles from the dome

STOCK-FODDER: Parakelia in full bloom. Despite the fact that the high hopes of mineral wealth proved doomed to disappointment, the expedition has found that the great "desert in the middle of Australia" (to use Kipling's phrase) is a vast potential stock-raising field

AN UNSCALEABLE GORGE: A scene at Ayers Rock. The sides of this gorge are of smooth stone — metamorphic grit. *Inset above on right* — A WELCOME FIND: Eggs of the mallee hen — which make very good eating. The birds dig a hole, put in layers of eggs and débris, the warmth of which hatches the eggs. As many as thirty eggs may be obtained from a nest

MOUNT O'CONNOR: The 1,000 ft. peak in the Australian desert. *Inset above on right* — A DAILY SOURCE OF ACCIDENTS: Rabbit burrows hidden in the grass

The Terry Expedition to the Tomkinson and Petermann Ranges failed in its original purpose — which was to discover gold, but the possibility of development opened up by it has surpassed all expectations. Twelve stations of 400,000 acres able to carry 30,000 cattle or 300,000 sheep can be taken up when stock and money are available. This is the best unleased crown land available for settlement. The expedition lasted some six months and covered over 3,000 miles — 1,000 of which were trackless desert.

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

THE MEETING OF THE ENDS.—"Between Americanism and Bolshevism there is little choice. In the last analysis, both are destructive of individualism and kill the soul." So declared in Paris Count Hermann Keyserling, German philosopher and head of the "School of Wisdom."

"Americanism and Bolshevism are two different designations of the same error," said Count Keyserling. "America is seeking to realize Bolshevism from above, emanating from the rich; Russia from below, through collectivism of the masses to Americanize them. The American language of it is that of the rich, dominated by the consciousness of private property, seeking to pile up capital. The Soviets, on their part, use the language of the poor. Expressed in Life, it is the same in both. Mechanization, standardization, transformation of mankind into insects or Robots. Bolshevism is an epidemic of the worker for wages. Americanism, that of the employer. Neither Communism nor Americanism will conquer the world. Both systems are contrary to the cosmic order of things."

Both Americanism and Communism are degenerative in their effects upon mankind, insists Keyserling.

THE FESTIVAL OF BOYS.—For more than one thousand years, May 5 has been the "Boys' Festival" in Japan. It is one of the five important festivals of the year, celebrated by giving all the boys of a household an "iris bath" of iris flowers boiled in water to drive away diseases and evil spirits; decorating the houses with iris plants to prevent fires; flying of giant paper carp, six to twenty feet long; eating of "chimaki" or rice dumplings wrapped in reed leaves; and battles of kites as big as modern gliders. The carp is a symbol of manly virtues, courage, and quiet resignation to fate. The kites used in the Hoshuka village battle measure about 48 ft. by 39 ft., are covered with 1,500 sheets of Japanese paper, and weigh some 1,600 lb. The Japanese name for iris, "shobu," also means "militaristic spirit," and in former days the boys indulged in sword-play with the rapier-like leaves. Bows and arrows, dolls in mail and armour, are the traditional gifts on this festival of feudal, war-like tradition.

CALM IN A STORM CENTRE: Lord and Lady Ullswater in the garden of their house Quinta Bea Vista on the outskirts of Funchal, Madeira, a picture taken during the "revolution." Before his elevation to the Peerage, Lord Ullswater was Mr. Lowther, Speaker of the House

THE EGYPTIAN SITUATION.—Egypt's new Parliamentary elections on June 1 are attracting more than usual attention, because of the somewhat extraordinary conditions and circumstances under which they will take place. The result of the Spanish municipal elections, which gave the world a sensational surprise by forcing King Alfonso XIII off the Spanish throne, intensifies that interest.

There is little similarity between the situation in Egypt and the conditions that obtained in Spain, except that the coming election in Egypt may be a test of the popularity of the present Egyptian Government, its aims and policy. Of importance to Britain is the question as to whether an Egyptian Parliament elected on June 1 under dictatorial decrees, and in which there are only Government party candidates, will be sufficiently representative of the sentiment of the Egyptian people, to render acceptable to us the ratification of a treaty of friendship and alliance between Britain and Egypt.

Ismail Sidky Pasha is essaying the rôle of the "strong man" in Egypt. His government is a dictatorship of a Council of Ministers, headed by himself, and responsible, not to the Egyptian Parliament, but only to King Fuad.

The Wafd party had about an 85 per cent. majority in each of the last three parliaments which have been held. This majority was returned each time by the Egyptian masses under the secret ballot, and direct election laws of the Constitution. When Nahas Pasha, leader of the Wafd, unwisely sought to perpetuate the rule of the Wafd with laws still further restricting the powers of the Crown, King Fuad I can be said to have revolted. The King dissolved Parliament, and sent it home. Ismail Sidky Pasha in effect, became Dictator in the Valley of the Nile, as President of a Council of Ministers. The Constitution was suspended, then changed by decree, not by Parliament. A royal decree, submitted to Fuad I and approved by him, substitutes the indirect election of Parliament through "delegates" for the secret ballot and direct election. Fifty qualified voters elect a "delegate," and the "delegates" elect the members of Parliament. It somewhat resembles the election system in Turkey.

The change in the Constitution, and the electoral reforms by decree instead of by Parliament, are defended by the present Egyptian Government on the ground that it would be impossible to get a parliament overwhelmingly Wafdist to pass such laws, and that this majority had led to abuses of power detrimental to the country.

The Wafd and the Liberal-Constitutionalists, in alliance, have declared a boycott on the election, claiming that the decreed electoral reforms are a violation of the Constitution, designed to thwart the free expression of the will of the Egyptian people. Neither the Wafd nor the Liberal-Constitutionals have a single candidate in the field. Only candidates of Government parties will stand for election.

THE EGYPTIAN ENIGMA?—The Sidky Government is ruthlessly suppressing all mention of the boycott in the Press. A number of newspapers, including *Siassa*, one of the largest and most important in Egypt, have been suppressed. Wafd meetings and demonstrations are prevented or dispersed by the police. Members of the Wafd and Liberal-Constitutionalists may not hold speeches on the ground that agitation against voting is illegal.

In the struggle between the Sidky Government and the Wafd and the Liberal-Constitutionals, renewed efforts are being made to stir up anti-British feeling which had greatly subsided. Sir Percy Loraine, British High Commissioner, is standing to his policy of hands off the election. Britain has declared its neutrality. But with the presence of British troops of occupation, British officers in command of the Egyptian police forces, and British functionaries in the Ministries, there are those who assert that there can be no such thing as British neutrality in fact.

That, in brief, is the situation in Egypt and the atmosphere in which the elections are to take place.

The Sidky Government, even though a form of dictatorship, was hailed in many quarters with considerable satisfaction in the expectation that it would be a constructive government. It has disappointed, just as the Nahas government did before it. Personal interest and personal politics, the curse of Egypt, the desire for revenge on the Wafd, rather than constructive economics, so pressing in view of the condition of the country, seem to be uppermost in mind.

Whether a British Labour Government can accept ratification of any treaty from a Parliament elected under such conditions will, no doubt, depend largely on the percentage of the votes. As there will be only Government party candidates, and the Government will be in sole control of the election machinery, the Government lays itself open to suspicion on the election returns, however honest and accurate they may be.

A REDSKIN ROMANCE: Princess Pocahontas, a member of the Chickahominee Tribe, with her husband elect, Mr. Dewey Custalow (left) of the Mattaponi Tribe. The couple live on the Virginia Reservation and are seen at the district Court House obtaining a marriage licence

PEACE AND WAR.—"I hate war. It is utterly undesirable. But we do need the *discipline* of war. We need the control, the general tightening up. We need the service, without the horror, of war." Lord Allenby's words on his seventieth birthday.

Few living men are better qualified to express themselves on the subject. Lord Allenby, veteran warrior, has no delusions about war. "The next war," he says, "will mean a complete end of 'civilization' as we know it." Neither has he any delusions, apparently, about the present condition of this precious "civilization." Undisciplined, chaotic, disunited, aimless, and flabby, he sees us from the perspective of his seventy years, unworthily reaping the harvest of peace and security sown on the battlefields of the Great War. The war of 1914, according to America, was to "make the world safe for Democracy." Millions were sacrificed for "humanity." And humanity has been losing grip on itself ever since. Situations, political, economic, and social, have been going from bad to worse. And no one, no statesman, no country, appears capable of doing anything about the matter.

Depression, pessimism, apathy. A ray of hope last autumn, last winter, that "things" might change with the new year. If not the new year, with the spring. With the early summer, then "Things"—cryptic symbol of individual interests and aspirations—have not changed. Not for the better. Repeated diminuendo of depression, pessimism, and apathy. Here we are again where we were before, only deeper in the hopelessness of it.

Sections of the press are to be praised for their gallant efforts to make the most of little bursts of optimism. The Prince of Wales is every Briton's "man" in this long drawn-out crisis. True king's son, he steps out right royally, giving himself, his health, energy, and time with princely generosity. His example and self-sacrifice, the patience and tenacity of the people under suffering, history will no doubt cite as outstanding bright spots of this dark period. The first will be useless, unless the second is directed into actively constructive channels.

The whole nation—I venture to say the whole world—echoes with Lord Allenby, "I hate war." At the same time, what are we doing to secure and consolidate the continuance of the privileges of peace?

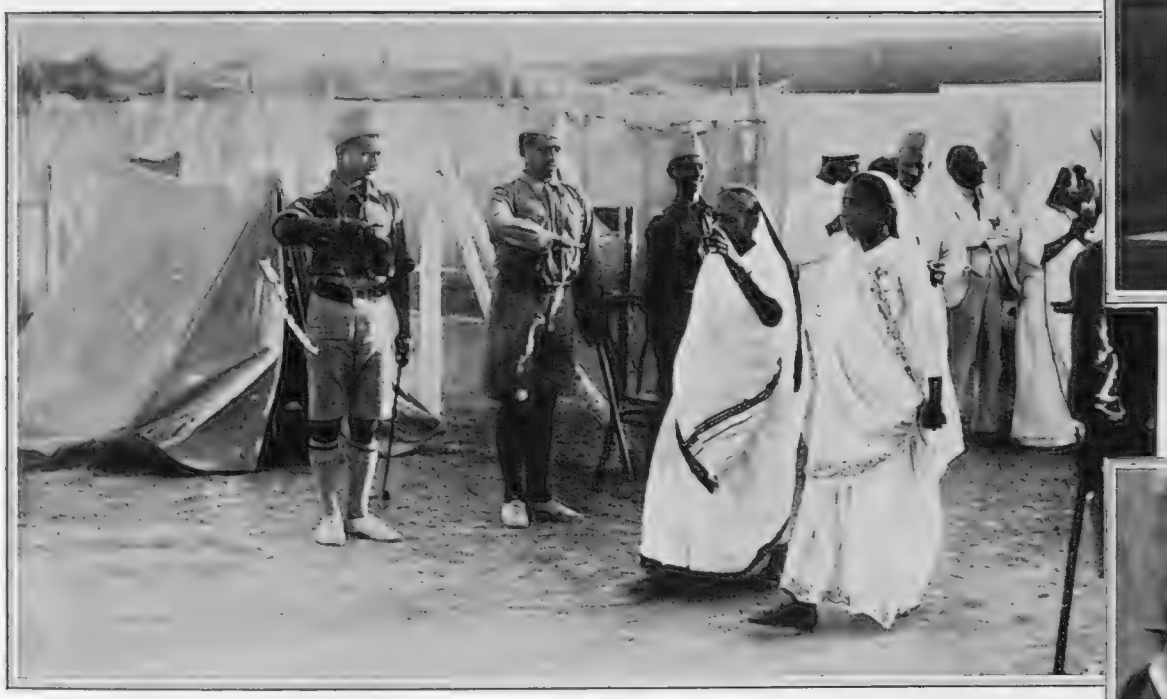
"Inexorable," "Fate," "Destiny," "God's Will," are favourite expressions in the mouths of men. Too often a lazy shifting of responsibility. A humiliating denial of the superiority of mind over matter. A crucifixion of the spirit within us. If we prove ourselves unworthy of peace, incapable of progressing spiritually in law, order, and brotherhood; materially in peaceful employment and industry, what alternative remains to the Omnipotent Power of Evolution, save further ruthless discipline of war and suffering? The mechanism of human development was set in motion at the dawn of the world. God set His mills a-grinding with the high purpose of educating the human animal. Hence chastisement of pain, reward of peace.

Our unenterprising sloth in appreciation of peace just about finds us due for the next pain as a mental and moral shake-up. There is still time to do something about the matter, individually and nationally. Russia with her Five-Year Plan is experimenting with what Lord Allenby calls the "service of war" in peace-time. Admirable in principle but being dependent upon the human element for administration and justice, it is a hard experiment to impose and to accept. We do not want Russia's Five-Year Plan in England. But we want a plan, an aim, a unity, a control of our vacillating morale, a tightening-up of our ideals and aspirations. Public service and public spirit at the helm; individual enterprise and vision at the oars in peace-time.

THE SURVEY of "THE SPHERE"

Monday is Washing Day—even for Royalty: In Berlin the museums are closed every Monday to allow cleaning operations to be carried out. *Above*, a cleaner is seen dusting the famous bust of Queen Nefertiti, in the Neues Museum

A Dancer of Spain: Argentina, the famous exponent of her national dances, is repeating in Berlin the success she made last year in the German capital



The Nationalist: Mrs. (Kasturba) Gandhi acknowledges the military salute of the Congress Volunteers that greeted her at the big Nationalist Congress at Karachi. Mrs. Gandhi shares in the aims of the Mahatma

The Birthday of Rome: Signor Mussolini and his staff at the celebration of the Fascist gathering. The solemn moment of the ceremony was the symbolical exchange of an emblematic braid by the leader of the *Balilla*, the junior organization of Fascismo. One hundred thousand *avanguardisti* were present

Ashore off Mombasa: The new French liner, *Jean Labordi*, was the cynosure of neighbouring eyes when she grounded on the reef at Ros Serani. She was, however, refloated with no damage

HALF-WILD WHITE MEN *of the* AFRICAN FORESTS

A Race of Simple Souls Under the Spell of the Trees—Untouched by Modern Civilizatio.

By LAWRENCE G. GREEN

A KNYSNA WOODCUTTER: One of the typical half-wild whites in the African forest

Deep in the green silence of the Knysna forests you will find a race of white people more isolated than any other human beings in South Africa. Grown men and women who have never seen a village; children who know only the faces of their parents and their too numerous brothers and sisters. Truly a race apart, these half-wild woodcutters and their families—strange folk indeed.

Years ago these People of the Forests dressed in skins and lived in "skerms" with only three walls. Even to-day the old men, with their long beards, are like Rip Van Winkles in our modern world. Progress has hardly touched these exiles. There are some, of course, who have made the great trek to the timber mills of Knysna, returning with marvellous tales which were, no doubt, heard politely and disbelieved. A few adventurous spirits have gone out into the world boldly, learnt other trades, and forgotten the sunless life of the backwoods. Many of the present-day woodcutters have been to school. A few have money in the bank. Some of their homes are clean and well furnished.

But there still remains that tragic race apart—the people living so far from civilization that they have had no chance of rising above their environment. A friendly, generous people struggling for their mere food in one of the hardest trades in the world, but so primitive that it has been found almost impossible to help them.

Of English, Scottish, and Dutch descent are these men of the axe. For more than a century they have brought the enormous stinkwood and yellowwood trees crashing down; felling, squaring, sawing in those hot, moist forests where elephants still roam. They have always been paid by results, and they show themselves no mercy as they hack out their livelihood from the ancient trees. Seldom are they well nourished; yet they are capable of terrific labour.

For them the call of the woods is irresistible. They go out first as little boys, carrying water for the working parties, robbing wild hives, shooting bush-doves, making fires for the coffee. Small wonder that they cannot be kept at school long. As soon as they have reached their teens they are ready to sweat over the huge, felled tree-trunks with axe and saw. The woodcutter can see no farther than the dense wall of his forests, no other future for his children. Year after year the number of trees allotted to woodcutters in the Government reserves is being reduced. But in the mind of the woodcutter there is no threat to his existence, no plain warning.

An old woodcutter enters the magistrate's office with some long and intricate grievance.

"That is a matter for the Conservator of Forests," says the patient magistrate at last.

"Yes, but the magistrate is our father, and he must tell us what to do," mumbles the old man.

"Well, how many children have you?"

The woodcutter sets down his axe and counts on his fingers. "Piet and Jan—they are working for me, and Koos is in the Industrial School at Knysna."

"That's good. Any others?"

"Well, there is Hendrick. He has passed standard six, which is as much as a man can learn. And two more little ones."

"What will they do?"

"Go and work in the bush."

"One day there will be no more bush. I tell you, Oupa, you're afraid to cross over that old mountain—you think the devil will catch you on the other side."

And the old man laughs uneasily, and goes away mumbling. For the woodcutters there is no world beyond the Knysna forests.

The foreman on a private forest estate told me that he once took a middle-aged woodcutter with him on a hunting expedition to the open veld near George, fifty miles away. They travelled by motor-car, and the woodcutter was astounded. "I never thought Africa was so large," he exclaimed.

There is a pathetic story, too, of a woodcutter who went mad, ran amuck with his axe, and killed a coloured boy. He was sent to an asylum in Cape Town. At the end of three years, during a period of sanity, he escaped and trudged back towards his beloved forests. He had no map, no knowledge of the road, nothing but a strong, sure instinct, like a homing pigeon. Fearing detection, he tramped along at night, avoiding villages, taking a route that lay along mountain slopes. For more than three hundred miles he stumbled on, coming at last to the lonely shack where dwelt his wife and children. One night he spent with them—then he was found and taken back. "Sentence me to years of imprisonment if you like," was his plea, "but let me know that one day I can come home."

Such is the spell of the forests. Men bred in cities feel as though they were facing a sinister and mysterious presence when they step out of the sunlight into that maze of creepers, ferns, and trees. They would lose themselves in five minutes after leaving a path. The woodcutters find their way by sun and stars, and never lose their keen sense of direction. But twenty years ago a woodcutter's child disappeared in the forests. There was a great search, and undoubtedly the child would have been found but for the sudden rain that washed away all track and trace of the poor, frightened thing. All trace obliterated for ever—except a hat, which they took back to the mother.

The talk when woodcutters gather is all accidents. There was the man whose legs were pinned down by the tree he had just felled—the only miscalculation of that kind on record. When found, he had worn his fingers almost to the bone in his efforts to dig away the earth beneath him. Sometimes a woodcutter grows careless and chops himself; but as a rule their high standard of skill never fails. One expert used to give demonstrations outside the bars in Knysna, placing half-a-crown between his toes and splitting it with a stroke of the axe. This trick brought him so many drinks one evening that he became over-confident and sliced off a toe!

Planks arrive at the Knysna factories sometimes looking as though they had been planed by machinery; 20 ft. long, without a deviation of $\frac{1}{32}$ in., all done by axe and saw. Yet most of these old craftsmen earn little—from £24 to £60 a year. It is possible for a woodcutter in a private forest, with the help of two young sons, to make 18s. a day clear profit. But such earnings cannot be maintained for long. Rain and illness—usually through over-exertion—bring the average income down to a small figure.

The little body of men licensed to fell trees in the Government forests numbers about three hundred at the present time. No new names have been added to the roll of registered woodcutters for many years, so that one old type is dying out.

Each year the trees to be sold are numbered by Forest Department officials, the woodcutters inspect them, draw lots for the trees, and gather at different forest stations for the allotment. They have to pay for the trees, of course, and there is an element of chance in the business which appeals mightily to the old men. If all their trees are perfect, then they can obtain good prices. But there is always the risk of rot, bad heart, and poor colour; and sometimes it is difficult to persuade the forester that a tree is defective enough to justify a refund of the purchase price.

Old woodcutters, however, claim that they can look at a stinkwood tree and tell at once whether the wood will have that desirable dark colour. It is a pity that stinkwood has only come to be valued as a wood for furniture in recent years. Thousands of tons of it went in wagons, and to-day supplies are limited.

Many of the woodcutters cannot read, write, or count; but they know to the nearest penny how much is due to them for their work. Like the alluvial diamond-diggers, their output is often pledged far in advance to their storekeepers. They are improvident, but they dislike being in debt. It is a tribute to their honesty that they are allowed to buy necessities for months on end when, through illness, they are unable to pay. One man owed £100. He paid back every penny within a year and still had £30 over; though Heaven alone knows how much sawdust and sweat went towards the repayment of that debt.

They could improve their economic position by growing some of their own food; but as I have said, the woodcutters are a race apart, never content to till the soil for long. During slack times some of them work as wagoners or farm labourers. Then, just at a time when they are most needed, they dash back to the forest life.

There are far too many boy and girl marriages in the forests. Youths of twenty who have saved enough money to buy axes consider that they are established for life. Another crazy shack of poles, boards, and galvanized iron appears on someone else's land. The young man takes a girl of fourteen or fifteen as wife. Another huge family—each baby a fresh problem for the local authorities—is raised.

With all their faults and follies, the woodcutters are, in the main, sober and law-abiding. The police have stopped the brewing of bee wine—a devastating spirit made from wild honey and yeast. Meat is a luxury to be enjoyed, at most, once a week. I visited one of their stores in the main forest and saw displayed the simple things they buy. Meal, coffee, sugar, and tobacco—those are the most important items in the woodcutter's daily life.

It is good to know that the firms which cut down trees at Knysna also grow new trees. One day I went out to the forests and plantations with Mr. C. W. Thesen, who sailed out from Norway to South Africa with his family in a little tops'l schooner in 1869. "There are more trees here to-day than when we came," he told me. "Not indigenous trees, of course, they are too slow. It is estimated that the South African yellow wood tree takes 2,000 years to grow. But the blackwood tree we imported from Tasmania is said to grow twenty times faster than in its mother country. Plant all you can, I tell everyone. If only I had started planting in 1870, I would be reaping the harvest now."

There are still many tall yellow wood trees in that rich Knysna belt; enough, perhaps, to last out the lives of those old, bearded woodcutters whose names appear on the register. They are men of another century, like the trees. And who knows what strange monsters brushed their wings against the great tree trunks we see to-day in the Knysna forests?

A WOODCUTTER AND HIS FAMILY: Over all these men the spell of the forest is cast. By the age of twenty most of them are married

BASUTOLAND STUDIES *in* BLACK *and* WHITE

ALFRESCO EDUCATION IN BASUTOLAND: One of the open-air classes taught by pupils of the missions. The scholastic equipment consists of a blackboard, some chalk, the alphabet, and the multiplication tables

BLACK AND WHITE: One normal and one Albino Basuto. The birth of such a phenomenon as an Albino creates something of a crisis in Basutoland; the witch doctors are summoned and the omens cast whether the prodigy be for good or evil. In the latter event, immediate death is the child's portion; if the former, he is carefully nurtured

BREAKFAST IN BASUTOLAND: Mealies form the staple diet of the black tribes of Africa, and knowing, despite their natural "ignorance," that birds in their little nests do not always agree, the elders give to each child a basket plate of its own. This procedure prevents many squabbles. The limited menu produces (as may be seen above) fat children but magnificent men. The initial effect of education on the race, writes our correspondent, is to give them a low cunning instead of the naive artlessness that is their natural heritage

BOY SCOUTS LEARN TO CLIMB: The Bradford and District Rover Scouts in the Rocky Valley, Ilkley, Yorks, under the supervision of Mr. Dibb, the well-known Lakeland Alpinist

ROCK CLIMBING on ENGLAND'S PEAKS

The Lake District Offers Superlative Thrills

By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM

In these days the climbing of Lakeland crags has become a popular sport and a magnificent one withal. Nowhere in Britain are there such well explored or numerous routes available. The experts may find a giddy joy in clinging to almost nothing on the edge of nothing, but the average cragsman, or cragswoman, revels more in the simpler and saner struggle with gravitation where hand- and foot-hold are reasonably available. Fearsome deeds of daring have been done in recent years, especially on the lower rocks of Lakeland—a species of exalted boulder problems such as those on the famous Kern Knotts of Great Gable. The use of rubber-soled shoes has made hitherto invulnerable places reasonably accessible, and competitive climbing has almost turned the grandest sport into a gamble against Fate with human lives as a stake. Whether a man fall sixty or six hundred feet he is not likely to take much interest in the next Budget.

However, it is certainly on the bigger and longer climbs in Lakeland that the true climber will revel—these are the real thing. Perhaps the famous Pillar Rock is best of all, for the original North Climb by the notorious Nose and slippery Stomach Traverse involves over 600 ft. of true mountaineering. Not very long ago a fascinating way was found up the hitherto unclimbed S.E. face of the Rock, whilst on its seaward side the new West Route is now frequently described as the most interesting rock climb in England. These courses can be followed in ordinary nailed boots, but recent routes and variations on the west side are for rubber-soled experts only. Undoubtedly the finest long expedition on the Pillar Rock is the new North-West Climb. With an experienced and steady leader it may be safely made; yet scarcely so unless the rocks be dry and the feet properly shod.

The magnificent face of Scawfell has too much of tragedy for many. It was on the face of Scawfell Pinnacle that the worst British climbing accident occurred. For two hundred feet the steep, smooth cliffs had practically no broad ledge or belaying place where the rope could be hitched should the leader or other member of the party slip. The exact cause of the disaster will never be known, for all were killed. Yet from later knowledge and personal inspection of the place it is fairly certain that the leader slipped and fell when about twenty feet above his nearest companion. Nothing could save the others, and one after the other they were dragged off the precipice. More recently the scene of the disaster has been carefully explored, and nowadays the face of Scawfell Pinnacle, though one of the hardest climbs in Lakeland, can be scaled by experts in rubber shoes. The smaller the party the greater their safety.

The writer thinks that the complete new central buttress climb on Scawfell is actually the most difficult long climb in Britain. Its first conquest was a remarkable *tour de force*. A thin narrow crack runs loftily up the buttress until a lengthy ledge leads away towards the well-known Keswick Brothers' Climb, one of the writer's earlier discoveries. The ascent of the crack is the crux of the Buttress Climb and it is a place of terrific thrills, even with the aid of rope belayed around the chock-stone in the inner edge of the crack. The pioneer party were so overcome with their long struggle under the overhanging recess during the fixing of the rope for safety in case of a slip that the actual first ascent had to be postponed until the following day. In a party of two each of the climbers should be able to act as leader, for at the crucial point the first man has to attain the wedged rock and secure himself to it by tying the rope. Then his companion climbs over him and, struggling upwards, can reach elusive handhold at the top of the crack. These nerve and muscle testing antics are performed in an almost overhanging crack in the lofty face of the huge buttress; meanwhile the downward view to the Screes two hundred feet below is most impressive. There has been at least one hair-breadth escape here.

Many of the best Lakeland climbs are situated on the sunless northerly mountain fronts, but the Napes Ridges on Great Gable are a notable exception. It is one of the joys of life to spend a sunny day on these grand crags far uplifted above the "den of Wastdale" and revelling in the clear, clean air wafted upwards by sea-borne breezes. There is the famous Needle where craggy and scraggy rock-gymnasts have done almost everything but thread the narrow hole in the loosely balanced point of the needle. This great summit rock vibrates slightly nowadays, but scarcely more than formerly, and the report of its coming down is a false alarm. Despite numerous variations and short new problems on the Napes, the direct ascent of the Eagle's Nest Ridge is the most engrossing route here for a skilled party.

It was vividly shown in 1927 that these sunny rocks of Great Gable demand extreme care. On the Chantry Buttress, a new variation of the Needle Ridge, one who was the leading cragsman of modern times was killed; when 20 ft. above his companion the leader fell backwards and bounded over into space. The rope secured round a rock saved the second man. Undoubtedly the accident was due to a loose hand-hold coming away. The piece was found firmly clutched in the unfortunate climber's hand and he seemed to have been using his whole weight on this. The loss of the great cragsman, C. D. Frankland, was certainly a sheer accident; the loose hand-hold had been used regularly by former parties.

There are several splendid outlying climbing grounds in Lakeland, and of these Doe Crag above Coniston is probably most noteworthy. A plan of the innumerable routes up, around, and down the great face resembles a spider's web. Complications and variations seem quite overdone. Experts have distinguished and almost extinguished themselves in the notorious Easter Gully which has several hundreds of feet of sound rock. The great Central Hopkinson Crack is the base of operations, and on its left the Broadrick Chimney is even more severe. Between the two some exceptionally difficult variations have been made. Following the plan of the Girdle Traverse right across the lofty face of Scawfell, the latest development of this kind is a long, almost desperate route across the whole face of Doe Crag.

The accident on Pavey Ark at Easter turned attention to the mountains around Langdale. The highest developments of crag-craft have been perfected there on Gimmer Crag where, despite the comparative smallness of the rock face, there are half-a-dozen distinguishable routes. Their curious names, such as Amen Corner, indicate the last word in difficulty.

Pavey Ark is a different type and from its wonderful, weather-scarred upper rocks it would seem impossible to fall. Strange records have been made here. There is the story of the mountaineer whose rough tweeds became so entangled in a horny-surfaced crack above Gwynne's Chimney that he stuck there all night. Still more remarkable is the record of the climber who fell from the big central pitch in the great gully and tumbled down almost the whole lower length of the rift. Fortunately he lived to tell the story to the writer; truly a most remarkable escape.

Sometimes absence of body is better than presence of mind at sudden moments of emergency on the crags. Remarkable quickness of action saved the life of the companion of the ill-fated leader in the Easter fatality on Pavey Ark. From the upper comparatively easy stretch of Gwynne's Chimney the leader fell, probably through overbalancing when a loose hand-hold came away. He fell clear through mid-air, and hurtled down past his lady companion, who was ensconced in the vertical rift, 40 ft. below. Fortunately she was able to keep the rope belayed over a jutting rock, and the great strain on the "life-line" came practically when the falling climber struck the ledge of Jack's Rake about 50 ft. below his fiancée. The rope did not break as was usually stated, and by its careful handling at a moment of thrilling tragedy the survivor was able to prevent a further serious fall down the lower cliffs. Her descent to the unconscious leader and ultimate brave behaviour form another bright spot in the annals of mountaineering.

FLIES ON A MIGHTY WALL: The central buttress on Scawfell—the ascent of which is the most difficult long climb in Britain

THE 1931 R.A.

"The Earl of Lonsdale, K.G., G.C.V.O.," by Sir John Lavery, R.A.

"J. H. Buxton, Esq.," by M. Greiffenhagen, R.A.

On left—

"The Green Dress," by the late Walter Greaves

"The Green Dress" was purchased by the President and Council of the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. The portrait of "The Earl of Lonsdale K.G., G.C.V.O.," by Sir John Lavery, R.A., is particularly interesting for the appearance of the coach in the background. This vehicle, which doubtless still appears at the opening of Parliament, is a fascinating survival of XIXth century England, in yellow and black. It is now reposing in the Lonsdale stables at Carlton House Terrace

Copyright Reserved for Owners by "Royal Academy Illustrated"

"The Muslin Dress," by Walter W. Russell, R.A.

The ROYAL ACADEMY

"Mrs. Ralph St. Hill," by Anna K. Zinkeisen

"Spring Evening: The Dever Rothiemay, Aberdeenshire,"

"Seen in the Mirror," by Harold Knight, A.R.A.

"A Family Group," by Harc

A Quintette of Pictures of Distinction in Burlington House this Year

Deveron, hire," by S. J. Lamorna Birch, A.R.A.

"Elizabeth," by Colin Gill

George y Harcourt, A.R.A.

This picture is by far the largest in the 1931 Academy, and occupies almost the entire west end of the great Third Gallery. Although it is totally British in execution, and in feeling, rumour has it that it is a group of the family of Krupp, the great armament firm of Essen. The picture reproduced above in the centre is one of the finest examples of landscape in the Academy.

Copyright reserved for owners by "Royal Academy Illustrated"

Sir Joshua Reynolds (with ear-trumpet)

From the painting by John Zoffany in the Royal collection at Buckingham Palace

THE BIRTH *of the* ROYAL ACADEMY

The First Picture Painted of this august Gathering

By MERIEL BUCHANAN

When Zoffany painted this picture the Royal Academy of Arts had only just been founded, and this painting was the first for which the original members of this new society ever sat. When it was first exhibited this picture roused a great deal of interest, and was at once bought by George III for his private collection, and still hangs in the gallery of Buckingham Palace. Leslie and Taylor, in their *Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds and His Times*, give a long description of it, and, speaking of the attention it aroused, say: "The canvas which drew the densest crowd round about it this year was Zoffany's picture of the Academicians gathered about the model in the Life School at Somerset House." Exhibitions of works were held annually, some at Somerset House and later at the old National Gallery. The first exhibition at Burlington House itself was held in 1869. Done entirely by candle-light this picture has all the elements of light and shade at which Zoffany was so great a master and the light from the chandelier falling on the figures shows up their faces and conveys an impression of their most dominant characteristic.

At the outset this new Society of Artists was formed to promote the training and instruction of students in the various branches of the fine arts. Founded in 1768, Sir Joshua Reynolds was elected the first President and gave his famous "Discourses" to the students and the members on the art of painting, and also instituted the annual banquets. The first two schools formed were the Antique Academy and the School for the Living Model, a school for painting being added in 1815 and special schools for architecture and sculpture in 1871, and Zoffany's picture shows us one of the first meetings to be held in the Life School as well as giving us life-like portraits of all the members.

"Some men become ancients even in their own age," Jeremiah Myers, miniature painter to the Queen of England, remarked when he saw this completed picture, in which he himself took part; and studying it we may nowadays yet get a new conception of these first original members of the Royal Academy of Arts.

The model, seated on the right of the canvas, is being set by George Michael Moser, who, formerly manager of a small academy in St. Martin's Lane, had recently been made keeper, or head of the New School of the Royal Academy. Richard Cosway, the famous miniature painter, known, by reason of his extravagance and beautiful clothes, as the "Maccaroni Miniaturist," stands on the left-hand corner of the picture, showing off to great advantage his magnificent "clouded cane" and his rich suit heavily trimmed with gold braid. Benjamin West, who succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy, stands a little behind him, displaying, according to Leslie and Taylor, "more abandonment of action than we should have expected in the formal and ceremonious young Quaker." Greatly favoured by George III, he was, after the quarrel with Sir Joshua Reynolds, elected President of the Royal Academy in 1792, and was afterwards buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. In the centre of the picture, Sir Joshua Reynolds, holding his ear trumpet, seems to be listening, with a secret smile, to the conversation of Wilbor and Sir William Chambers, who was the first Treasurer of the Royal Academy and, very soon after this picture was painted, was to have one of those violent disagreements with Reynolds which so marred the harmony of the First Academy.

In the back right-hand corner of the picture Richard Wilson, the landscape painter, leans against the wall in an attitude of dejection and ill-humour brought about perhaps by the break in his erstwhile friendship with Zoffany who, it is said, partly out of pique and partly as a direct hit at Wilson's habits, painted on the shelf above his head two crossed pipes and a quart tankard of stout, brimming over with froth, covering these, for the purpose of exhibition, with a layer of gold leaf on which he depicted a Gorgon's head. Subsequently, in a fit of repentance or perhaps, making up his quarrel with Wilson, he once more painted out the pot of ale and the Gorgon's head and smoothed the whole thing over, though a careful examination will show a slight mark on the canvas which indicates that certain alterations have been made at this point.

In a prominent position in the left foreground, Francis Hayman, who did the wall paintings of Vauxhall, is seated in a characteristic pose, his huge frame clad in drab broadcloth coat, waistcoat, and breeches, his head covered with his best Sunday wig. In spite, however, of his great friendship with Zoffany, this portrait is slightly incomplete as Hayman was of too restless and volatile a character to have the patience to sit for any length of time, and Zoffany had to complete it from memory, managing however, in spite of this, to give to his friend the proper Hogarthian atmosphere.

On the wall, to the right-hand corner, hang the two pictures of the only lady members of the Royal Academy, their portraits being included in the canvas in this way, as it was considered "not seemly that ladies should be seen at the Life Class." Angelica Kauffmann, depicted in the rectangular frame, is too well known to need any mention here; but Mary Moser, daughter of George Moser, whose portrait is done in the round frame, was known only as the "Flower Painter," and is said to have decorated an entire room for Queen Charlotte at Frogmore.

Of the other members in this picture the most important are Francis Newton, the first secretary of the Royal Academy; Edward Penny, the first Professor to occupy the Royal Academy Chair of Painting; Thomas Sandby, first Professor of Architecture: Bartolozzi, who was said to be the greatest engraver of his times; and Dr. William Hunter, who delivered lectures on anatomy.

Zoffany, who painted himself seated with easel and brushes to the extreme left of the picture, had at this time only just been elected as one of the original members of the Royal Academy, having only recently won his way from comparative obscurity. Born 1773 at Ratisbon, he was driven by circumstances and an unhappy marriage to England, where he at first knew nobody, and is said to have received £40 a year from Benjamin Wilson, who, unable to draw himself, engaged him to paint bodies for his faces. Discovered by David Garrick, Zoffany made his fame by painting portraits, especially those of actors, and was admitted to the Royal Academy, later on going to Italy and India. He painted a further picture of a group of the members of the Royal Academy drawing in the small school in St. Martin's Lane, with Moser as the principal figure looking over the drawing of a young student. This much smaller picture was purchased by Thomas Dall, scene painter at Drury Lane, and was later on completely lost sight of.

The OPEN-AIR ZOO at WHIPSNADE

FROM THE AIR: An overhead view of Whipsnade showing some of the outbuildings and, in the foreground, paddocks laid out

The Zoological authorities have made a surprising announcement in connection with the forthcoming opening of the Whipsnade open-air Zoo, in which animals will be on view in almost natural surroundings. This consisted in something of a warning to prospective visitors, and stated that, while every effort would be made to safeguard them, yet conditions differed from those obtaining in the London Zoo, and reasonable precautions would have to be taken by the visitors themselves. The thrill implicit in this utterance will probably stimulate visitors to patronize the enclosure on the Dunstable downs between Tring and Luton

IN WHIPSNADE PARK: Some of the animals in the southern part of the new country Zoo which, it is hoped, will be open by Whitsuntide. The park is to be made a sanctuary for British wild flowers and British birds as well as for wild animals. *Inset above*—A BISON IS SEEN HAVING A SHORT DRINK. Huge fences, proof against bison, giraffe, and bear, enclose the 500 acres of Bedfordshire. Dr. G. M. Vevers, Superintendent of the Zoological Society, is now living at Whipsnade

THE ENEMY: Herr Kraus in the role of the Armada King, Philip II

QUEEN AND COUNCILLOR: Elisabeth and Cecil, played by Fräulein Agnes Straube and Herr Gulstorff in Herr Bruckner's play

DEVOTIONAL: Fräulein Straube as Queen Elisabeth at prayer

BERLIN and its THEATRE TO-DAY

How Elisabeth of England has Dominated the Recent German Stage

By JULIETTE BOSTON

One of the most striking things about Berlin to-day, it seems to me, is a *withdrawn* quality that it has. Doubtless everybody is very busy doing something, but whatever it is, it does not get done where he who runs can see. The streets, for a city of Berlin's size, are strangely empty both of motor-cars and people. Its restaurants are deserts at lunch time—I have tried lunching at 12.30, at 1 o'clock, and as late as 2.30, but I have never caught the smart, the business, or the ordinary public at lunch. In New York the cinema queues are well formed by 10.30 in the morning, and certainly by 2 o'clock our London picture theatres are full—thousands of people willing to stand about in the streets waiting to spend money to amuse themselves. The cinemas in Berlin don't open their doors until the evening.

In the shops one gets the feeling that the buyers there need something and have come to get it. The art galleries, too, when I have been to them, have been pleasantly empty, although the fact that Berlin possesses the best collection of modern French art in the world shows that someone has been thinking and planning and caring. But when and how and where is certainly not revealed to the casual visitor. Berlin has a secret and guards it well. One hears a great deal, of course, about its night-life, but apart from the facts that fewer ladies and gentlemen are to be seen indulging in it, and that almost all of it is third or lower class, I don't believe that it differs very greatly from the night-life in other cities. Any night-life is so dependent upon what one brings to it oneself that I am sure it would be a delusion to think that one had touched Berlin's heart or meaning by exploring its cafés.

It is in the theatres, I think, that the outsider can best feel that he is in touch with what Berlin wants, will pay for, and does superlatively well.

Unhappily, familiar as we all are with dim, inaudible, self-conscious art-conscious productions offered us by Reinhardt imitators, it was with a feeling of some trepidation that I entered the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin, for so many years the scene of Reinhardt's experiments and triumphs, but abandoned by him, since 1921, to its own resources. Would its revolving stage, its lack of footlights, its scenic and musical effects be offered as substitutes for the living drama as presented by actors whose faces can be seen, whose voices can be heard, and with whom, therefore, the audience can identify itself?

No one felt more strongly or preached more loudly that an audience *must* identify itself with the play in order to enjoy it to the full, than Reinhardt. Indeed, he said, "Only in the mind of the audience does the circle of effects find its consummation." Although his reiterated ideal, like Wagner's, was a union of all the arts, he held the art of acting to be as important as any of the others. And it was not "robot" acting, but individualistic, inspired, freely expressed acting that he demanded, and got. Would that some of his English and American imitators could say as he did: "The final, most satisfying impression my stage affords, is never what I achieve by working and rehearsing with the actors; it is the actor's own personality, the secret of his being."

Having been one of the audience at a West-end production last season where the actors' secrets, of being and everything else, remained theirs and theirs alone throughout the evening; where we were asked to strain our eyes to the point of agony to pierce the gloom which the management assured us, in a programme note, was necessary to bring out the quality and meaning of the *scenery*; where we were asked to listen to the mutilated script of a great tragedy in order that time might be found for some peculiarly sleep-making skirt dances; where the lines that had been left to us we could not hear, because the preparations for the next "picture" won hands down in the contest—I noted with great satisfaction that my seat for *Elisabeth von England* was on the aisle, and I promised myself that the first twinge of eye-strain or ear-strain would find me out on the Schumannstrasse. I would not stay even if I could be sure that a member of the audience would reward me at the end with a remark as priceless as the woman next me did at the afore-mentioned London production. When the play was over and the actors were taking a call, she screamed out in a frenzy of discovery; "Why! He's played it in a *beard!*" If I couldn't see the beards, I meant to go.

But Herr Hilpert's production of *Elisabeth von England* is no imitation. Undoubtedly it follows the Reinhardt tradition (there is the inevitable reading-lamp and reflector in Elisabeth's last scene), but it moves with a passionate clarity and unity of its own. The revolving stage, from the audience's point of view, merely makes the waits shorter. The double scenes, of which there are three, are so well blended and contrived by the author and producer and so well timed by the actors as to triumph over the difficulties and escape the pit-falls of this convention. One never has the feeling of watching a *stunt*. I note that Herr Hilpert has not followed the author's indication for *two-level* scenes that I find in the printed play, and see in the photographs of the same play as produced at the Hessen Landestheatre in Darmstadt. For this I am inclined to be grateful to him, but as I have not seen the Darmstadt production it is unfair, perhaps, to say so.

Herr Bruckner has written a swiftly-moving, always compelling and often humorous play, and it is magnificently acted by Fräulein Agnes Straube as Elisabeth and Herr Werner Kraus—one of the most distinguished of the Reinhardt actors—as Philip II of Spain. Accustomed as I am to performances of actors and actresses who are "perfectly lovely" in their parts, even lovelier in the home—when one can get them for luncheon or supper parties—to say nothing of their utter adorableness on the golf links and tennis courts, I was momentarily confused by the dash and scope and fervour of these two players. "Over-acting, the unforgivable sin, must certainly very soon take place," I said to myself, trying to feel as the best critics write, and steeling my heart against a delightful glow of excitement I felt creeping over me. But it never did take place, and Fräulein Straube's performance will remain one of the most memorable I have ever seen. Since there is no space to go into a detailed analysis of her performance, I should say that the most astounding thing about it was the genius with which she kept her *physical* Elisabeth aloof—dignified, cold as marble, yet with the warmth of marble, too—from the capricious, crafty, outrageous Elisabeth, possessed of an overwhelming *intellectual* sensuality and curiosity.

The only blot on the evening was the unfortunate presentation (it is not inherent in the script) of Essex as a whining and effeminate young cub. Because of this the power of one of the most thrilling scenes in the play is entirely lost; Elisabeth listens through the wall to Essex's examination just before his execution and, in an agony, toys with the idea of saving him at the last moment. All suspense is thrown away because one hopes that the axe *will* fall as quickly as possible.

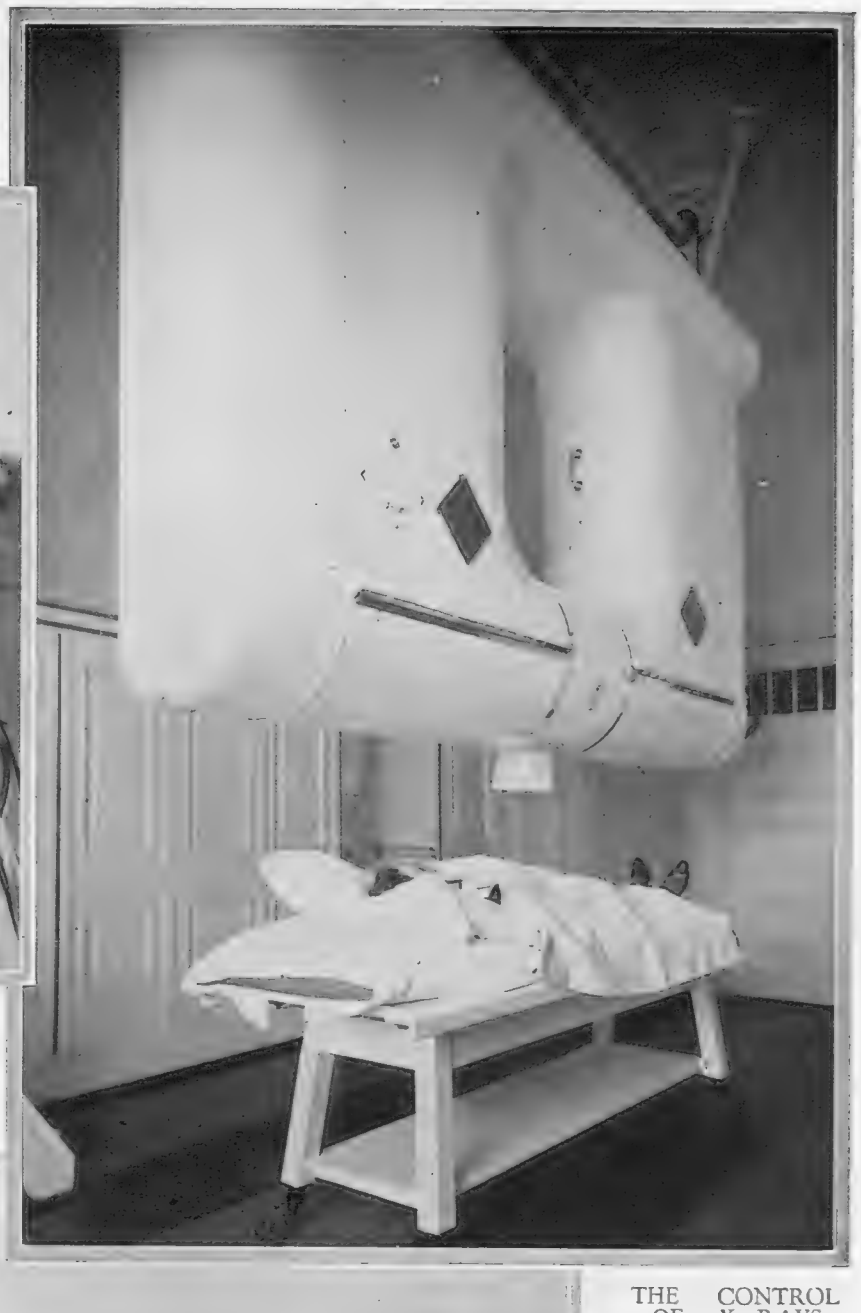
I saw two other productions, an enchanting new Lehar operetta, *Schön ist die Weld*, in which Richard Tauber, whom we are happily to see in London soon, sang as no one else has ever sung in light opera; and a new play by Molnar, rather a feeble joke in itself, but well worth seeing for its spirited acting and amusing production. Above all, one feels that Berlin audiences are eager to be thrilled, and amused, and torn, and enchanted. They give out an enormous goodwill. They *expect* the best and they get it. They are proud of their theatre, and their faith in it and support of it has carried it through its difficult experimental stages into the full flower of its present achievement.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

MODERN MARVELS OF MECHANICS

INSTANTANEOUS REPAINTS: Introduced for the first time, this novel contrivance has just made its appearance at the municipal golf course at Santa Monica, California. The ball is dropped in, and within 90 sec. it emerges with a fresh coat of lacquer, completely dried and "renewed"



THE CONTROL OF X-RAYS: This novel apparatus is claimed to be the most modern and safest device for X-Ray treatments, as the metal walls safeguard the rays and are a protection against the high voltage required for its operation. Exact focussing is effected by moving the entire mechanism up or down. This apparatus has been installed in the clinic of a prominent Berlin radiologist

102,000 MILES OF PIPE LINES FOR NATURAL GAS

The tremendous expansion of the production and distribution of gas now taking place over large areas in the U.S. is due to several things. (1) Large accumulations of natural gas have been discovered recently in Louisiana, Texas, Panhandle, Kettleman Hills (California), New Mexico, etc. (2) Large supplies of by-product gas are available in coal regions of West Virginia and Kentucky, which can be and are mixed with natural gas. (3) Low-priced metal pipe is now obtainable because of advances in methods of manufacture. (4) Capital is being attracted. So the business is booming. New York City, Philadelphia, and Washington D.C., will soon be supplied. One of the great developments concerns the manufacture of the pipe. One manufacturer has a pipe-welding plant capable of producing over thirty miles a day. Some 1,600,000,000,000 cubic ft. of gas are now being distributed annually to all kinds of users, including 5,000,000 domestic consumers. One plant producing by-products gas from coal delivers 20,000,000 cubic ft. per day

BODIES WITHOUT SOULS: The above are not newly-designed telephone boxes, but motor-car bodies seen at a different angle, stacked up prior to being fitted to the completed chassis at the Morris works at Cowley

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

The season is officially declared to have begun, but with it has come no corresponding burst of theatrical activity. Just by way of marking the fact that London is getting socially into its stride, the theatre lies low and says, and does, nuffin'—or very little. Yet I will warrant that we shall find in August and the early part of September—the holiday months for the poor rich and rich poor alike—play after play being produced. This is a strange reversing of previous procedure. In those days theatrical managers did their opening in May, like Burlington House, and in August one found it difficult, if one happened to be marooned in London, to find a play to go to at all. Certain musical comedy theatres, blessed with long runs, carried on with casts of understudies, but the majority of theatres were closed and blue-papered, and the actor-managers—a plentiful crop then—were on tour or shooting grouse. If there is a reason for the new order of things, I must confess that I cannot find it.

The Carmargo Society.

There is no need for pessimism in the world of ballet, even though Diaghileff is dead and his company dispersed. Native talent abounds, and we only need the necessary type of impresario for a Diaghileff ballet of our very own to be formed and to carry on year after year, both at home and abroad. The English are naturally dancers, just as they are naturally part singers. And the artists, the choreographers, and the composers are here, too. It should not be forgotten that Diaghileff himself employed native material in some of his later productions. A ballet, for instance, was written for him by young Mr. Constant Lambert, whom some enthusiasts still insist on calling "Constong Lombare," in spite of the fact that he is completely British and the son of an Australian painter. Then there are the Sitwells, whose ballet, also produced by Diaghileff. *The Triumph of Neptune*, was a perfect example of *baroque* art and burlesque, with music by that accomplished composer, Lord Berners, whose only fault is, possibly, that he has too much sense of humour. What could not Bliss and Willie Walton do in the ballet world, with Aubrey Hammond, Jimmy Pryde (whose fine scenery for Paul Robeson's *Othello* production will long be remembered), Nevinson, and other brilliant people to take the place of Picasso and Derain?

I went, therefore, to the performance of the Camargo Society at the Cambridge Theatre in a hopeful frame of mind, and came away still more hopeful. This society has not long been in existence, but it is now an established part of London's artistic life. We accept as normal a ballet club which a few years ago might have been laughed at as some extraordinary aberration. Young Englishmen and young English girls, with nothing "precious" about them, are taking dancing very seriously, and are acquiring the technique which was long supposed to come only by standing against a pole in the wall with legs at 11.45 for hours and hours at a tender age. True, the leading lights at this performance were not all British. That such famous Diaghileff stars as Karsavina and Lopokova were there to hand on the tradition and to point an example as well as their pretty toes was all to the good. For this means that the young 'uns are being trained in the way they should go.

Miss Ninette de Valois (who is quite English) has herself created *La Création du Monde*, a charming trifle, with music by Darius Milhaud (who is not quite English). Miss Ursula Moreton and Mr. Leslie French mimed, postured, danced, and the rest of it with immense skill and enthusiasm. Madame Lopokova, who has an English husband, went to something as English as possible in "Follow Your Saint," which poor Peter Warlock (Philip Heseltine) arranged some time ago from the music of John Dowland. The Marie Rambert dancers, who are trained and generally inspired by Mrs. Ashley Dukes, wife of the dramatist, hurled themselves, literally and figuratively, into their work with immense enthusiasm. I look forward to the time when Paris, Berlin, Rome, or Barcelona eagerly anticipate the visits of the Camargo Society and its offshoots, just as we used to anticipate the visits of the Diaghileff troupe.

"Chauve Souris."

The *Chauve Souris* are to vanish from the Cambridge Theatre in a fortnight's time to make way for a sort of English Chauve Souris. Meanwhile, as a farewell gift, M. Balieff has presented some new features and revived some old ones, notable among the latter being the *Parade of the Wooden Soldiers*. This is always worth watching, and it is extraordinary that one never gets tired of that tinkly little tune. I did not care much for *Napoleon's Midnight Review*—a good idea gone wrong or, at any rate, made unimpressive. The Emperor returns, as a ghost, to hold a parade of his ghostly marshals. It should have been thrilling and macabre and bizarre, and things of that type; but it was none of them.

Love in the Ranks—the garrison hack courted in turn by a drummer boy, an N.C.O., and, finally, a general—was always good fun, and owes much to the uniforms.

The Covent Garden Opera Season.

Year after year there are doubts as to whether there will be an opera season at all or even whether Covent Garden itself will be still standing. For the beautiful old theatre seems to stand continually under the shadow of the house-breaker's pick. But its doom is, somehow, always postponed, and, in sheer joyous relief, it seems to spur itself into greater efforts than ever. I have heard much of the pre-War glories of Covent Garden, and some of them I have even seen. It is hardly likely that there has ever been a more brilliant opening night than that which ushered in this summer season, and certainly there has never been a more beautiful opera than *Der Rosenkavalier*. This is the only Richard Strauss opera that keeps its place in the repertoire. *Electra*, *Salome*, and *Ariadne* are full of glorious patches, but they cannot be relied upon to draw good houses. *Der Rosenkavalier*, on the other hand, is invariably packed, and I do not wonder, for it appeals to every size of brow.

If some of the love music is Wagnerian, it is good Wagner with a plenteous admixture of Strauss's own *sauce piquante*, while the Viennese waltzes are intoxicating gaiety itself. If you wish to realize to the full what an utter fallacy it is to suppose that the opera is formidable and that anything that takes place in a restaurant or dance-club is lively, go to *Der Rosenkavalier*, and immediately after listening to those sparkling waltz-tunes go to a restaurant and listen to some dismal ditty about ma sweetie having gone away and left me blew, moaned out on a flat saxophone, and ask yourself honestly which of the two puts you in a better temper with yourself and with the world.

Those divine singers, Madame Lotte Lehmann and Elisabeth Schumann, have returned, and with them a new Octavian in Madame Margit Angerer, who comes from Vienna and who not so very long ago was in a convent. She is a good-looker, and it may have been first-night nervousness that accounted for a rather wobbly tone. That wobble will probably disappear as confidence increases. Herr Richard Mayr's Baron Ochs is funnier than anything in revue, and a musical treat of the first order as well.

"The Ring."

Utter darkness in the auditorium does not prevent people flocking to the Wagnerian *Ring* with equal enthusiasm. Occupants of the stalls and boxes did not obey the legend that they only attend in order to show off themselves, their clothes, and their jewels, and to swagger about during the intervals, so far as *Das Rheingold* was concerned. For in *Das Rheingold* the lights are out the whole time, so that nothing can be seen but the stage, and there are no intervals to walk about in—which may be bad for the bar trade but is good for the soul.

These Wagnerians singers really are giants. Herr Schorr, for instance, sang for three hours almost without a break, and Herr Wolff had an equally heavy task. I do not admire the activity of Dr. Bruno Walter, the conductor, merely as a feat of endurance, for that would be to put him in the same category as those extraordinary Americans who sit for days on the tops of poles or who dance for a week. But it is no mean effort to display musical knowledge and at the same time to wave one's arms about unceasingly from 8.30 to 11.30.

The Covent Garden scenery is not striking but it is quite adequate. The Covent Garden orchestra is playing better than it has done for a number of years. The German season still has some weeks to run. After that the Italians will be coming to Covent Garden, and the Russians will be coming to the Lyceum, and we shall learn what harmony really means.

THE NEW SAVILLE THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS: An exterior view of London's latest playhouse, which has a salon beneath the stage and the largest bar in London

The New Saville Theatre.

Despite the vaunted depression, theatres persist in rising like the Phœnix! The latest newcomer is the Saville in Cambridge Circus. This has been designed by Messrs. T. P. Bennett and Son, the architects for the entire building, including its interior decorations.

It is cast in a form particularly and peculiarly suited to the acoustics required by "straight" plays, specially prepared by Mr. Hope Bagenal, the prominent consultant of acoustics. The sculptor responsible for the frieze is Mr. Gilbert Bayes, the designer of the Great Seal. Mr. Bayes also designed the medallions and the keystones. Beneath the stalls there is a salon with shop windows devoted to articles of interest to women. The salon communicates with the stalls bar, the largest in London. Both salon and bar have been decorated by Mr. A. R. Thomson, the creator of the Dickens frescoes at the Duncannon Tavern illustrated in THE SPHERE some months ago. The Saville seats 1,228 people.

FALSE NOVELIST AND REAL: Mr. Basil Foster as the shy man who, to gain réclame, *has posed as the popular writer; and Mr. Clive Currie as the world-famous author, whose name has been usurped, are both passengers on a cruise—a scene from* Mr. Faint-heart, *at the Shaftesbury*

A MIXED BAG

Theatrical and Talkie Productions at Home and Abroad

M. POIROT "USES THE LITTLE GREY CELLS WITH METHOD": Mr. Francis L. Sullivan and Miss Jane Millican in the second act of Black Coffee *at the St. Martin's. The rôle of Poirot was created with brilliance in* Alibi *by Mr. Laughton; Mr. Sullivan is equally fine*

THE HABSBURG: Mr. Frederick Leister as Kaiser Franz Josef in White Horse Inn, *the musical play of Tyrolean setting by Erik Charell at the Coliseum. The Emperor's appearance adds a touching note of realism*

DISCUSSION AT A COFFEE STALL: Mr. Basil Dean and Miss Gracie Fields discuss a point of production on the set at the Beaconsfield Studios, where the Lancashire comedienne is starring in a talkie of Sally in Our Alley

FRANZ LEHAR ON THE TALKIES: The Land of Smiles *is the first operetta by Lehar to be put on the speaking screen. Richard Tauber (who will be heard in the London stage production) and Margit Suchy are seen above*

A BERLIN PRODUCTION: A scene from The Captain of Kopenick *presented in Berlin. The play, founded on fact, concerns an old convict who, disguised as a captain of the Guards, sent the civil authorities of his town to prison and stole their money*

HANDS WHICH TELL SECRETS

By LADY INGRAM

Hands are the most truthful expression of individuality which we possess. Faces can be altered and disguised beyond recognition, eyes veil their secrets, and lips utter only what our wills dictate, but hands remain the "untouched" portraits of our innermost selves and characters.

Those whose business it is to read the thoughts of their fellow creatures learn to watch their hands. The detective gets just-the-information-he-needs-from-the nervous fluttering of a woman's hands as her lips strive to keep her secret: the suddenly clenched fist of a man in the witness-box shows the barrister his cross-examination is on the right lines; while a doctor attaches quite as much importance to the symptoms gleaned from his patient's hands as he does from "the history of the case."

Without dabbling in palmistry, a little study of the hands can "put us wise" about those we come in contact with. At a glance we can see which hands have worked, which hands are creative, and which artistic. Grasping hands and those that give are as easily distinguished as black from white: and how different are the self-conscious, nervous hands, to the powerful hands that compel obedience and the self-sufficient hands that always get what they want.

To my way of thinking all portraits should show the hands of their subject. How little we learn of the real woman from the face of the portraits of Queen Elizabeth! She was always mistress of herself, a clever *poseuse*, who deliberately created an impression of imperious power and pride. Her hands reveal much, however; the long, supple fingers, with their curious "puffy" look, tell us something of the self-indulgence that found vent in wildly extravagant clothes and clearly indicate the vacillation that shook their owner over every decision she had to take. These hands, although exceptionally powerful for a woman, are cruel hands and cunning. Loyalty finds no place in their composition.

Compare Elizabeth's hands with those of another powerful Queen, those of Catherine de Medici. Here we see cruel hands of a very different type. Hands that flatter, with hypocritical fingers that are difficult to read but would stick at nothing, and a short little thumb disclosing inborn egoism and unscrupulousness. These hands are self-seeking and could never aspire to lofty ideals.

No pair of hands are identical and men and women rarely have similar hands, but there is a remarkable resemblance between those of Miss Amy Johnson (the air-woman) and the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson.

VACILLATION: The hand of Queen Elizabeth

SCIENCE: The hand of Madame Curie

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MALE HANDS KNOWN were those of the poet, John Milton

MATERIALISM: The hands of Cardinal Wolsey

GROSSNESS: The hands of the great Lexicographer

Miss Johnson's hands are exceptionally large for a woman. They are well-shaped, lean, and powerful, showing a well-balanced brain, courage, and idealistic purpose in every line. No one could fail to see in these hands the dreamer of great dreams as well as the doer of deeds.

Women's hands are naturally more difficult to read than those of men. They have been more carefully tended, and this is particularly the case with actresses, who know how all-important it is that their hands should be as beautiful as their faces. Their natural artistic temperaments give to their hands a beautiful shape and, assisted by art, they become lovely and a joy to watch, but they are inclined to a "family" resemblance, and lack the character and individuality of hands like those of Lady Rhondda, whose long palm is indicative of common sense and business ability, and whose well-shaped rounded fingers show calmness, courage, and self-reliance.

Another hand very expressive of its owner's personality is that of Florence Nightingale. Essentially feminine and delicate, there is something soothing and gentle in those lovely finger-tips.

Milton had the most beautiful hands of any man. Van der Plaas, who painted the portrait that hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, has made them the feature of his picture. The tapering, sensitive fingers are, in themselves, a poem and innocent of wrong, while the thumb, differing in type from the other fingers, shows individualism and imagination. These are noble hands that live up to the theory of their owner, that only a pure life can attain full power. Beside them, hands of materialists like Dr. Samuel Johnson and Cardinal Wolsey look gross and almost repellent. Here we have greedy hands that, however clever their owner may be, are so self-seeking, worldly and arrogant that they cannot inspire admiration.

Pasteur, Dalton, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Madame Curie all have excellent examples of the typical scientific hand. The shape indicates mental accuracy, the fingers are made for precise work, and the whole hand radiates patience.

It is not only our work, but our tastes and characters, our general health, our age, our past, and perhaps even our future which are revealed to those who care to study our hands with knowledge. As Alexandre Dumas said, it may well be that "la chiromancie sera un jour la grammaire de l'organisation humaine." (The study of hands will one day be the grammar of human life.)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

The Background of TRADITION

The London Home of Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., and Mrs. Pritt + *by* JOAN WOOLLCOMBE

The home of tradition may so easily fall to the tender mercies of one of two kinds of maniacs—the *disguise maniac* or the *museum fiend*—and either will ruin it. Take the former; and in this delightful flat which you see illustrated here, he or she (had it unhappily fallen to one of them) would have disguised a cock-tail cabinet as a spinet—electric fittings as grease dripping candles. And the fires would have imitated whatever form of heating they were not.

Whereas, the "museum fiend"—who does not know him?—as you enter his otherwise quite pleasant home, he booms at you "Nothing within these walls that is not 'authentic Louis Quatorze,' or 'sound Tudor,' or 'pure Regency,'" and you find you are staying in an inventoried exhibition.

In this Pump Court flat Mrs. Pritt may claim to have kept the essence of the delicate atmosphere which the very address "Pump Court, Temple" implies, *without having embalmed it!* Enter the hall from the heavy outer door and you are immediately struck by the pretty conceit of the flood-lit china-cupboard which connects the hall with the wall of the drawing-room. This cupboard, a window as it were in an otherwise unpierced wall, is flood-lit from within and contains a collection of rare old Staffordshire china, mostly delicately-coloured biblical figures of great charm.

Along a passage that marches with the alcove of the drawing-room containing a grand piano, one notices the utilization of every inch of space, the passage yielding room for tiny cellar and lavatory. The drawing-room with its essentially modern lighting, its white walls and its coal fire, leads up two steps to the dining-room; with tiled grate and flood-lit cornice—this again, with the china-cupboard, is the work of David Stokes. The map-decorated screen, the polished table, and the sedate furniture give the dining-room its character; and then into the bedroom with its soft and more "modern" colourings, its Laurençin decoration, and the excellent fabric which the photographs show, for curtains, chair, and bed-cover. Out of the more modern bedroom into the tiny bathroom which is the last word in modernity, fitted with skill into a smaller space than you would imagine possible and yet full size in fitments.

Here is the unusual drawing-room in the chambers turned into a flat in Pump Court, Temple. Notice especially the china cabinet lit *through* from the ante-room behind

There are very many points of interest in this admirably arranged bedroom; from the pastel, lobster-pink of brocade to the Marin Laurençins upon the walls there is modernity grafted upon tradition in a truly suitable setting with windows overlooking the massed memories and history of the court of the Inner Temple

A DRESSING-TABLE DE LUXE: The bureau of Miss Dolores del Rio. The conglomeration of bottles, flasks, sprays, pots, bowls, and ancillary gadgets has to be seen to be believed. The elaborate lighting is also a noteworthy feature

THE WORLD OF WOMEN (cont.)

MODERNITIES

Culled from New Houses

MAINLY EQUINE: Mirrors with horses painted on them match the *motif* of the carpet in which horses are woven—designed and executed for a horse-breeder by Ernest Boileau

THE COCKTAIL BAR IN SET-BACK STYLE: This unique private bar has been designed by Mr. Guy Elwes for Mrs. Fernie's house. The walls are lime-green with red streaks running through the "marbled" effect to pick up the pillar-box red of the painted stools. Special attention should be paid to the notices!

AN OVER-HEAD VIEW: The scheme is complete with black American cloth curtains, black floor, cocktail glasses (hand-painted by Mrs. Fernie), and black linoleum panels, against the green wall, on which guests occasionally make caricatures of one another in white chalk. Lighting is subdued and effective

GOLF at TORQUAY

THE PALACE HOTEL, where the great golf competition was held during the last week-end in April

The last week-end in April saw a galaxy of professional golfers at Torquay. Many noted exponents of the game, including Messrs. C. A. Whitcombe, Henry Cotton, George Duncan, Harry Vardon, Ted Ray, Ernest Whitcombe, Alec Herd, W. J. Branch, A. J. Lacey, and S. A. Easterbrook, journeyed thither at the joint invitation of Mr. G. W. Hands, proprietor of the Palace Hotel, Torquay, and the Great Western Railway Company.

The chief event was the "Small Course Invitation Professional Golf Championship," played on the links in the grounds of the Palace Hotel, an annual event which is now permanently in the fixture list of the Professional Golfers' Association. The competition was one of 72 holes medal play for prizes amounting to £300, presented by Mr. G. W. Hands. C. A. Whitcombe was the winner and accomplished the 72 holes in 200 strokes, bogey for the nine-hole course being 27; he was thus 16 strokes under bogey. S. A. Easterbrook was second with a score of 204, while Tom Green and Ernest Whitcombe tied for third place with 207. A subsequent re-play over four holes resulted in Ernest Whitcombe being placed third in the competition.

A large number of guests staying at the hotel enjoyed the event immensely particularly as, during spells of rain, play over nearly the whole of the course could be watched in comfort from the terraces and windows. The beautiful Palace Hotel may be termed a Paradise of Sport, for besides the golf course, within its precincts are tennis, badminton, and squash racquets courts and bowling greens, as well as an admirably equipped gymnasium and swimming bath.

C. A. WHITCOMBE, winner of the Small Course Competition

THE HOST: Mr. G. W. Hands who, with a guest, played a friendly match against Ted Ray and Tom Fernie the day before the Small Course Competitions. Mr. Hands is justly proud of his golf course and had many sly digs at the professionals failing at some of the holes

A. J. LACEY, winner of the Medal Round at Moretonhampstead

THE MANOR HOUSE HOTEL, MORETONHAMPSTEAD: The second competition was held in its grounds

On Monday, the players were guests of the Great Western Railway Company at the Manor House Hotel, Moretonhampstead, proceeding there by motor coaches through the delightful lanes skirting Dartmoor. The 18-hole course at the Manor House Hotel was recently laid out by Mr. J. F. Abercromby, of Addington, and Captain Franks, and opened in the autumn of last year.

In the morning the weather conditions were nearly perfect when a Medal Competition was played for prizes amounting to £50, presented by the Great Western Railway Company. A. J. Lacey, a brilliant young golfer, won the event, his score being 69—so far a record for the course, the bogey for which is 74. W. H. Davies secured second place, and S. A. Easterbrook, Tom Barber, and Jas. Bradbeer tied for third place. Mr. F. Gray, secretary of the Devon County Golf Union, acted as starter. This gentleman is also secretary of the Torquay and South Devon Golf Club which, incidentally, held its twenty-first anniversary dinner and dance the previous Friday evening.

Veritably a week-end feast of golf!

An Inspiration in Itself . . .

Even if it were only as an example of interior decoration, the Louis XIV room at Austin Reed's would well repay a visit. Every little detail has been studied with such meticulous care . . . the sun-ray clock . . . the console tables . . . so that the whole is a faithful replica of the Golden Age of the Roi du Soleil.

Such is the place we have set aside for our made-to-measure shirts and pyjamas. Here you can order shirts gay and shirts subdued, shirts to match your suits and shirts to contrast effectively with them . . . pyjamas of every colour and shade of colour, pyjamas plain and pyjamas patterned.

And as you look through the very wide range of patterns put out for your inspection, you will realise how splendidly the Louis XIV room achieves its purpose. The very perfection of the surroundings puts you in a discriminating frame of mind, inspires you to an unerring choice . . . tells you of the care and skill that will go to the making of your shirts and pyjamas once you have selected your patterns.

For this Salon is yet another notable expression of the policy that we follow throughout all our shops . . . to provide the ideal environment in which a man can study his sartorial needs, and the means of satisfying those needs completely and perfectly.

AUSTIN REED'S
of REGENT STREET

103-113 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Regent 7911

SR 1831

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

for

SPORTSWEAR

THE "Round Tower" hand-woven tweeds are pre-eminent for sportswear. They will withstand the roughest wear and the wettest weather. They neither fray nor fade. They have an enduring freshness and opulence.

They will stamp your sportswear with a refinement which no machine-made tweed can rival or imitate.

You will find a shade and pattern to satisfy your taste.

ASK FOR THEM AT YOUR TAILORS OR OUTFITTERS

"ROUND TOWER"

HAND WOVEN TWEEDS

Gaeltacht Industries Depot, Beggars Bush, Dublin.

W.H.CO.

Denny's

IRISH

BACON

SPECIAL "DRY CURE"

NOTED FOR ITS

EXCEPTIONAL FLAVOUR

Make a point of asking your supplier for

"DENNY'S IRISH"

And you will realize its Superiority.

LOOK FOR THE BRANDS.

DENNY DRY CURE IRISH "STAR" HENRY DENNY & SONS BRAND DENNY DRY CURE IRISH

IRELAND'S RENAIS

By HUGH

"Shannon to flow that Fords may go," was the headline with which it was announced that the recently completed Shannon hydro-electric scheme in the Irish Free State would supply the power to run the Ford tractor works at Cork. These two great modern industrial developments, with a third, a Belgian-owned sugar mill at Carlow, have stirred up the Irish nation industrially for the first time in a century. Now the Irish are gossiping about these "queer machines" instead of politics and horses

These three great developments tell only part of the story of Ireland's industrial renaissance. It has been found that sugar could be grown as well as in the more fertile Irish counties as anywhere else in Europe. A Government subsidy on milled sugar was granted to a continental syndicate, and another subsidy to the farmers growing beets. Since then there has been persistent pressure on Dublin from farmers in other counties, and from sugar companies, to extend the subsidy to other parts of the country.

Further, Ireland has had the courage to buy out all the privately-owned creameries within its borders, and turn them over to the farmers' co-operative societies a co-operative monopoly, if you can call it that! What other country in the world would be so brave? As an additional part of the picture, a centralized Irish marketing organization has been set up to compete effectively in the English markets. Thus the butter business has been placed solidly on its feet.

The oldest industry in Dublin—the Guinness Brewery is using modern advertising to sell its stout—and a stout, substantial food it is, too!

"Why shouldn't the cattle business, which is such a prominent part of Irish farming, sprout an Irish meat industry?" has been the cry of Ireland for decades. Well, it has. The Farmers' Co-operative *Abattoir* at Waterford is now killing pigs and sheep and some cattle.

Tariff protection has played a part, too, with the result that Irish smokes are now being manufactured in Dublin, and the old shoe business has been extended. Factories also have been set up to provide furniture, blankets, personal wearing apparel, glass bottles, candles, cards, rosary beads, etc., for Irish consumption, and jobs have been supplied for several thousand workers. But all these local suppliers of the necessaries of every day use in the wardrobe and household of the Irish colleen still are quite incidental in Ireland's work-a-day picture. They grow and prosper or languish as the fortunes of the farmer rise or fall. Two or three factories not very large ones either—can supply the tobacco needs of 3,000,000 people, especially when the women don't smoke.

So it is to the Ford works, with its big export trade, the Guinness stout export trade and the production of bacon, butter, etc., which go overseas in such large quantities—it is to these newly-born and re-born industries that the Irish Free State looks for industrial inspiration and to provide her sons with occupations other than farming and emigration.

Farming remains and will continue to be Ireland's best bet. For Erin is located at the door of Britain and of northern Europe, with an ideal climate for root crops and the all-year-around air which provides automatic, out-of-doors refrigeration for that marvellous light-cured bacon and light-salted butter, which would spoil while you wait in America during our summer months. Irish farming has the advantage of products of good reputation, co-operative organization of the most modern style and leadership of the first order.

Mr. Ford to-day is paying over 4,500 Irish farmers' sons at Cork more than £20,000 a week to make tractors for the Americans and Russians, as well as for Irish farmers. It is the only Ford tractor works in the world. Everyone wonders why it was located in Cork, and no reason other than sentiment has been found. Mr. Ford's father was a Cork man.

Ford's projects usually succeed. This great modern plant at Cork represents some remarkable successes; it was built and is now being operated solely by the sons of Irish farmers and peasants; and with the same machines which are being operated at Detroit these Irish lads are producing equally good parts at just as low a cost.

In the first eleven months of last year they exported £1,500,000 worth of tractors and parts—the feature of the increase in the total of Irish exports last year. About £200,000 worth were shipped to Russia and another £200,000 worth to the United States—£200,000 import which has stirred American labour to protest and the Senate to pass a resolution ordering an investigation of all such American manufacture abroad.

Each of Ireland's three new industries which bulk so hugely against the simple rural countryside, were started shortly after the new Dominion came into being just when political conditions were most chaotic. Many doubters and sceptics in Dublin and elsewhere held the view that the Shannon scheme was just as sentimental in its origin as the Ford plant they held that a little plant on the River Liffey, which flows through Dublin would have been good enough as a starter as 80 per cent. of the demand for current is in the Dublin area.

Thus the Shannon scheme in its early beginnings was at least a courageous gesture to the world, proclaiming "Ireland Reborn"—evidence that the Irish believed in themselves as a nation with a future. Now, in the usual Irish fashion—hind-side before—it is about to provide a psychological tonic for the Irish themselves.

This great water-power generating system, which a German contractor built, has cost £5,200,000. In order to use the current generated, the current consumption in the Free State will have to be about doubled. To make it as easy as possible for the Irish farmer to pay for an electric installation, the Irish Electricity Board, a decentralized control board set up by the Government, has instituted the scheme of "nothing down and ten years to pay." Appliances also can be had on deferred terms.

One can conjure up all sorts of visions of a comfortable Ireland with electric power. *Rural Industries!* There are a number of them still in existence scattered throughout the twenty-six counties—homespun woollens, lace, bog-oak carved novelties, not to mention poteen (contraband Irish whiskey).

To keep unimpaired that lovely, rough, enduring quality of homespun and hand-woven Irish woollen cloth is quite impossible when an electric motor drives the shuttle; but Harris tweeds from the power looms of the islanders north of Scotland have a considerable vogue, mo

"NIGHT'S CANDLES ARE BURNT OUT" Keating, was the problem picture of the R... interpreted his painting as follows: "The ... candlelight of surviving medievalism in Ire... exemplified by the Shannon electricity wo... stage Ireland and the stage Irishman are typi... of the steel towers which support the elec... Irish workmen. In the centre of the foregro... carries under his arms plans for indus... The two symbolize the constant antago... which hinders the material progress of the S... church, ever present when spiritual guidan... that is not of this world. In short, my pic... of ancient stagnation to a ...

INDUSTRIAL SANCE

BUTLER

the symbolical painting by the Irish artist, John Academy Exhibition of 1929. Mr. Keating has suggest that the dawn has come, when the dim is fading before the rising sun of scientific progress, which form the background of my picture. The by the skeletons hanging on the left from one transmi ion lines. Beneath are the types of are two men. One represents the capitalist, who develops ent. A gunman confronts him menacingly. between the business elements and the extremists. The pri st, reading, represents the unchanging needed, t concerning itself only with a kingdom depicts t transition of Ireland from a country of freed and progress"

as l ce the lovely Oriental rugs now simi ly made in the East. Then, too, scatt red over the countryside, much as in New ngland, are old water wheel mills, man of them empty. Electrified, they migh well occupy the idle hours of the farm , his wife, and family turning out stan rd parts of this or that for asse bly in Dublin or Cork.

Kelp, a seaweed, produces iodine when burned in a very crude fashion on the west coast. Whether electrification and the application of modern methods to this strange occupation would be practical is a question. What sport—to burn up weeds at a profit!

Most of all, the question arises as to how far and how rapidly the great Irish basic industry—agriculture—can be electrified and modernized. It will take time—it always does, to change farmers—and Irish farmers are very conservative.

Heavily subsidized by the Government for both the production of sugar beets and of sugar, the Irish Sugar Manufacturing Company, composed of Belgian, Czechoslovak and Irish interests, built a sugar plant at Carlow in 1926 at a cost of over £200,000. This programme has been highly successful. In 1929 141,140 tons of beets were grown and 20,500 tons of sugar were manufactured as efficiently as in any country of Europe. Here is another modern institution stirring "a bit of the old sod."

It is hard to picture the medieval community into which these three great highly efficient, modern plants dropped like meteors out of the blue. Two-thirds of the farms in the Free State contain less than thirty acres each. On them the farmers eke out a miserable existence on a bit of land in potatoes and rough green stuffs for the family, a few mangles for the single cow, the inevitable pigs, and possibly some poultry. If he has a horse, it is almost certain to be a brood mare. To be sure, nothing could prevent him from trying to breed hunters and race horses. And they do bring out an occasional winner—just often enough to make the gamble of it turn many good Irish farmers into horse-flesh fanciers, to the neglect of farming. To make things more difficult, Mike has a large family eight or ten children, many of whom begin planning very early in life to migrate to America or Australia. Those who do not get away are likely to squeeze into the already too numerous class of shopkeepers.

That there has been a definite turn for the better in Irish conditions, particularly among the Irish farmers, is nowhere more clearly indicated, however, than by the decline in immigration. The Irish Free State quota to the United States has not been filled in either of the last two years, even though reduced from 27,000 to 17,000.

It is not only that the Irish farmer sees these big industrial projects springing up around him; his own business is feeling a stir. Under the leadership of a very able Minister of Agriculture in Dublin, Mr. Patrick Hogan, much has been accomplished for the Free State farmers. The creamery co-operatives have been given their monopoly of the butter business. Their marketing is largely in the hands of their own sales agency. Standards of quality have been set up and governmentally enforced in a number of Ireland's principal agricultural products—eggs, butter, and so on. A modern system of agricultural credit has been instituted through a Government-owned corporation. By it 4,337 loans were made last year, with the average amount, per loan, only about £120.

The largest single item in the Free State's export trade has been store (unfattened) cattle. Slowly but surely Irish policy has been developing mixed farming based on the dairy cow. And so a re-born Ireland is beginning to be seen in the agricultural community—a fact which is even more important than the Ford works at Cork.

Some new industries have grown up around Dublin, behind tariff walls, but not a few of these have been simply branches of British companies placed there to supply their old customers. The products protected have been those in most common use on the Irish farm. To defend the Irish farmer against higher costs of living Mr. Hogan, the Minister of Agriculture, recently protested against further duties on imported products of this sort.

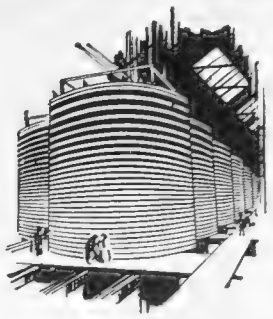
Another ancient industry in the Dublin area of great interest is the Guinness Brewery, where the world-renowned Guinness stout is brewed. The name of Guinness first appears in the history of Dublin's commerce in 1759, when a 9,000 years' lease of a family brewhouse in St. James's Gate was granted by the Rainsfords to Arthur Guinness, the eldest son of the agent for the Archbishop of Cashel, for whom the Guinnesses, father and son, are said, by tradition, to have brewed table beer. From the eighteenth century the firm of Guinness has concentrated on one thing, and one thing only, the brewing of the perfect stout. So great in fact has been the popularity of Guinness that to-day the Guinness brewery is by far the largest in the world—and millions of glasses of Guinness are drunk every day.

Then there is the conundrum of the bacon which came to my mind along with these puzzling reflections as I stood with my new Irish acquaintance over where the river Shannon flows. Why will these people continue to eat poor American bacon imported from Chicago while they sell all of their own much finer bacon such as Denny's on the other side of the Irish Sea? Price, I knew, was a prime consideration—but it wasn't all of the story. At that moment this delicious, light-cured Irish bacon which I had had for breakfast that morning was priced at sixteen pence while the poorer American imported products could be had for fifteen pence halfpenny a pound.

Ireland, reborn, has felt its new pulses under the inspiring leadership of President Cosgrave. He sees and feels keenly the tragedy of Anomaly Island, but not without humour—good humour, too. It will take time, he knows, to close up that tremendous gap between the Ford works and the potato. The President has carried through the great Shannon scheme, the Barrow drainage works, and other projects of State capital expenditure, Irish initiated, growing up rapidly alongside the Ford plant and other foreign works.

At the same time Mr. Cosgrave does not let it be forgotten for a moment that each citizen must develop his full opportunities on his own initiative.

All I can say in conclusion is that if you don't believe any or all of this rough sketch, don't argue; go over and see for yourself.



VISIT THE WORLD'S LARGEST BREWERY

There are certain things which win renown by sheer merit. During 170 years the fame of Guinness has increased, until to-day the Brewery at St. James's Gate is by far the largest in the world.

Covering an area of over sixty acres, the Guinness Brewery is also one of the most interesting industrial organisations in existence.

Visitors are welcomed, and special guides are available at the Visitors' Reception Room at St. James's Gate to conduct parties on tours of inspection on weekdays, Monday to Friday (except Bank Holidays), between the hours of 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., and on Saturdays at 11 a.m.

GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU

M.5.

As fresh as new each morning

If you buy an Atkinsons Irish Poplin Tie you will be the possessor of a tie which you will find next to impossible to crease. The new resilient lining, an outstanding characteristic, enables the tie to withstand continual knotting, pulling and creasing. Atkinsons Irish Poplin is made to-day, as in the days of old, in the same careful, tedious and highly efficient manner on hand looms. As a matter of fact the present method of manufacture differs not in the least from that employed in the time of the Huguenots who first brought the art of silk weaving to Ireland. Only natural China Silk and Finest Worsted are used. Atkinsons Irish Poplin is a unique material for gentlemen's ties; it has a pleasing durability, a lustrous finish and a wonderful wrinkleproof resilience. Atkinsons Irish Poplin Ties are made in a variety of shades, stripes and patterns, and are sold by leading outfitters everywhere.

Atkinsons
IRISH POPLIN TIES
R. ATKINSON & CO. :: COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN
Estd. 1820

TOURIST and CHEAP HOLIDAY TICKETS

to

IRISH HOLIDAY RESORTS

by

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

from

LONDON

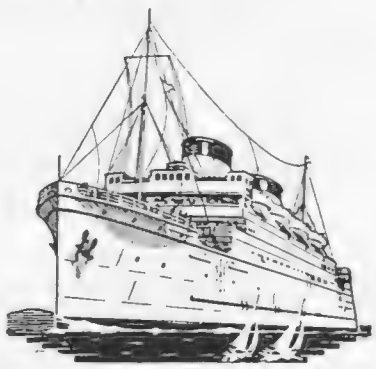
(Paddington Station)

and Principal Provincial Stations

FARES FROM PADDINGTON:

To	Holiday Tickets 3rd Class Return	Tourist Tickets 1st Class Return	Tourist Tickets 3rd Class Return
AVOCA - -	48/9	110/6	66/9
BELFAST - -	47/-	144/3	83/9
CORK - -	55/9	130/-	76/9
DUBLIN - -	52/6	123/-	68/9
KILLARNEY -	62/6	140/3	85/-
LIMERICK- -	56/9	128/-	77/6
WATERFORD -	45/-	91/9	55/-
Etc.			

All information of Train and Steamer Services, etc., obtainable at Great Western Railway Stations and Offices.



THREE ROUTES TO IRELAND

BELFAST via Liverpool
by the largest cross-channel motor-vessels in the world.
Weeknights at 10 p.m.
Boat Train leaves Euston 5.55 p.m.

DUBLIN via Liverpool
by larger and improved steamers of the B. & I. Line.
Weeknights at 10 p.m.
Boat Train leaves Euston 5.55 p.m.

CORK - Direct via Fishguard
by the new motor-vessel "Innisfallen."
Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.
Boat Train leaves Paddington 5.55 p.m.

Through Bookings and Connections from all principal stations.

For Sleeping Berths and Tickets apply:—

TRAVELLERS LTD.

Official Booking Agents for:—British and Continental Railways, Steamship Companies, Airways, Cruises, Tours and Hotels.

LONDON, S.W.1 Eros House, 29 Lower Regent St. (Regent 2631)
LONDON, E.C.3 - 3 London House, New London St. (Royal 1350)
MANCHESTER, 46 Cross St. (Cent. 2362) | BIRMINGHAM, 43 Temple Row (Cen. 6932)
LEEDS - - - - - 5 Boar Lane (29721) | BRISTOL - - 30 Baldwin Street (6840)
or other leading Tourist Agents.

THE SPHERE

The EMER

The Amenities of Irelan

There are still many people in England who are horrified by the mere thought of travel in Ireland, and imagine it as a place fraught with unimaginable perils for the unwary. It is a belief by which they lose one of the most delightful experiences it is possible to enjoy in the British Isles—a holiday in the fair land of Ireland, with its heart-warming, generous hospitality, its gaiety, its wistful beauty, its sport, history, and legend, and its limitless power to captivate every visitor.

THE HARBOUR IN THE SOUTH: *Queenstown, at which nearly all the great transatlantic liners call* en route *for New York*

Ireland has at once the charm of intimate, well-loved things, and the fascination of the unknown. Its people speak English and have been governed by the same rulers for centuries, adopting English ways, but it is the English language and English ways "with a difference," and so far as the Irish Free State is concerned, this agreeable difference is becoming accentuated, for everyone there, from the President downwards, is busily engaged in reviving the Irish ways which were once famous throughout the known world. Ireland can claim a far older and finer culture than that of England—a culture which was centuries old before the Romans landed in Britain and which, with the birth of Christianity, was spread over Europe by the vast learning of the Irish monks and saints. Some idea of the almost incredible antiquity of Ireland's history is gained by the realization that at Tara one hundred and forty-two Irish Kings reigned, covering a period of two thousand five hundred and thirty years, before St. Ruadhan laid the Hill under a curse in A.D. 563.

Many relics of Ireland's earliest history are to be found there, and precious manuscripts which are amongst the greatest literary treasures of the world, but its store of legends is even richer, and its poetry is unrivalled—a fact which can occasion little surprise once the visitor has fallen under the spell of its enchanting countryside.

No one can realize how almost human friendly towns and villages can be until they have visited Ireland. There every place seems to welcome the traveller with a personal joy, quite distinct from the warmth of the greeting which Irish people give to the stranger in their land. The Irish have an instinctive courtesy and graciousness which makes them regard even a chance-met tourist as their guest, who must be made to feel "at home" in their beloved country.

The Towns and Villages of the Irish Free State.

Chief in welcoming the visitor, as it is chief among the cities of Ireland, Dublin, though so cosmopolitan in its society and amusements, is yet thoroughly Irish in spirit—a gay and wholly delightful place, which to know is to love.

The ancient Irish were more given to great learning than to commercial ventures, and it was left to the invading Danes to found the ports which are the greatest cities in Ireland to-day. Dublin is no exception to the rule, and the modern town not only retains interesting relics of its Danish origin but to some extent follows the planning of the Danish town. As a result, all the chief places of interest to tourists are contained within a compact area, which allows a complete tour to be made even on the most fleeting visit. The Castle marks the site of a Danish fortress, and Christchurch Cathedral has been built on Danish foundations. St. Patrick's

Ewing Galloway
LYNCH CASTLE, *Galway, at which Mayor Fitzstebben tried, condemned, and executed his only son*

"THE SPHER

Readers are reminded that "The Sph to help them to choose a suitable ho will readily provide details of fares, ro Each request has personal care unbiased. All requests are answered b of booklets, etc. Address your inquiri House, St

Come to IRELAND of the Welcomes

A land of beauty, romance and kindly greeting—a land aptly described as the Sportsman's Paradise.

Write to the Irish Tourist Association, Dublin, for Guide Books, Lists of Hotels, etc. Any information you require will be gladly sent you free.

OF TRAVEL

ALD ISLE

North and South

Cathedral dates from 1190, and wonderful collections of paintings, relics, and ancient Irish MSS. are stored in the Picture Gallery, Museum, and Academy respectively. The famous Book of Kells, the loveliest illuminated medieval manuscript in the world, is in the library of Dublin University.

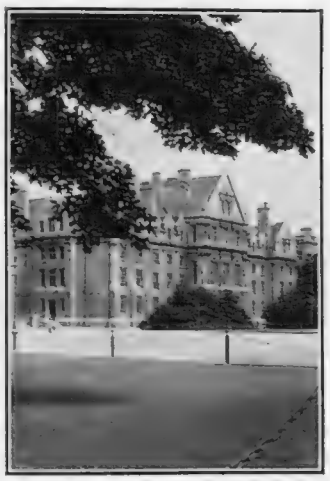
Dublin looks eastward upon the sea, and is backed by the range of the Dublin mountains. It is a town made for happiness. Amusements are to be found there in delightful variety, including the famous Abbey Theatre, where native genius is encouraged. The parks are seemingly as endless in extent as they are beautiful, and the surrounding countryside is of exceptional charm and interest.

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown) is a residential and holiday centre so charming, and so deservedly popular, that many tourists make it the headquarters for their explorations of the Irish countryside. Howth which, before the rise of Dun Laoghaire, was the chief port of entry into Ireland, is now no less prosperous as a holiday resort. It is built on the high promontory which forms the northern shore of the lovely Bay of Dublin, and has a 12th century Collegiate Church, a 16th century monastic college, and a fine castle to interest lovers of ancient buildings. Dalkey, too, which rivalled Howth as a port in the Middle Ages, has become more notable in modern times as a charming holiday town and residential centre.

There is such a wealth of interest and beauty in Ireland that the question of "Where shall we go?" is more one to be settled by individual choice than by any rules that can be laid down. Killarney has, of course, become so famous that for most people it is almost a synonym for Ireland itself, and it is no less "compulsory" for those who visit Ireland now than in the days of our grandfathers, when every writer of note made the pilgrimage to its shrine of beauty. It is a pilgrimage which repays the making, for Killarney, in spite of the constant praise bestowed on it, and the number of tourists who tour its lakes every year, has a charm which can never stale—the charm of an exquisite blending of mountains, lakes, rivers, and woodlands, of wonderful colouring, and of an age-old serenity which enfolds its castle and abbey ruins no less than its fascinating countryside.

SLIEVE CRUB, a beautiful hill (1,755 ft.) in Co. Down, which dominates the country round the spa at Ballynahinch

But Ireland has more, much more, than Killarney to unfold before the enchanted eyes of its visitors. There is Glengarriff, with its mild climate, its magnificent scenery, and its glorious array of sub-tropical flowers; the rolling heather-clad hills of the Magillicuddy Reeks and the secluded charm of Kenmare and Parknasilla. There is the enormous bay of Kilkee with its wonderful bathing, its cliffs, and its innumerable caves. There are the gigantic cliffs of Moher, rising so sheerly from the water that they seem to have been chiselled by the hand of man, stretching for over five miles along the coast of County Clare. There are Valencia Island and Achill Island with their fishing, bathing, and boating; Limerick, the "City of Many Sieges," with its stirring history and its splendid situation as a touring centre; Cork, equally well placed for the exploration of the South-western corner of Ireland and the neighbouring Blarney Castle; and the town of Waterford, the perfect centre for South-eastern Ireland.



Ewing Galloway

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, in which the Free State Government is taking a great interest

(Continued on following page)

TRAVEL BUREAU

The Travel Bureau is always at their disposal for any time of the year. This bureau hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. attention, and the advice given is entirely So. In stamps is required to cover postage "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk London, W.C.2

"THE GATEWAY OF IRELAND"

DUN LAOGHAIRE (Kingstown)

ON THE ROYAL MAIL ROUTE

Beautifully situated on the southern shore of Dublin Bay, six miles from the Capital. The most accessible and up-to-date Seaside Resort in Ireland. Exhilarating sea and mountain air. Abundant sunshine. Equable temperature. Magnificent piers and promenades. Charming scenic surroundings. Open sea bathing. Modern medical baths. Boating, Golf (18-hole course). Yachting, the chief centre in Ireland. Army Bands, Water Galas. Good Hotels and Boarding Houses. Most convenient touring centre for the "Garden of Ireland."

GUIDE AND ACCOMMODATION LIST free from Publicity Bureau, Town Hall, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin.

Take your holiday in IRELAND

Don't dash off to the nearest seaside town this year. Plan something better. Ireland for example. The resorts of Ireland are gay—full of visitors but not overcrowded. The green hills and valleys wait to greet you . . . go and do all the jolly holiday things you have been looking forward to in the peace and beauty of the Emerald Isle.

PRINCIPAL RESORTS

Tranmore	Dungarvan	Achill
Wicklow	Youghal	Galway
Bray	Lahinch	Sligo
Kingstown	Kilkee	Rosslare
Parknasilla	Mallarany	Ballybunion
Kenmare	Glengarriff	

Inland Resorts include: Killarney, Avoca, Caragh Lake, Lisdoonvarna, Glendalough.

★ *Guides and particulars of Tourist, Week-end, and Holiday Return Tickets from Paddington or Euston Stations, or from any G.W. or L M S Station, Office or Agency* ★

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

THE EMERALD ISLE

(Continued from p. 257)

Galway, one of the most delightful towns it is possible to find in the British Isles, is a centre for the whole wild, lonely, and enchanting region of Connemara. Bundoran is a justly popular seaside town, and Sligo, on glorious Donegal Bay, has been familiarized to many by the poems of W. B. Yeats and the paintings of his brother, Jack B. Yeats. Central Ireland has many fascinating towns—Athlone; Mullingar with its lakes; Clonmel; and the great rock crowned with historic buildings, "Cashel of Kings": Kilkenny and Tipperary, made familiar to English ears from the extraneous circumstances of a popular marching song and a breed of cats; Glendalough with its ruins of seven churches and magnificent surroundings; the coast towns of Arklow and Wicklow, perfect centres from which to explore the far-famed Vale of Ovoca and the Meeting of the Waters; the Curragh of Kildare, which has been used as a racecourse from time immemorial, records of races held there dating back over 2,000 years; and many historic towns with fine relics of their long existence.

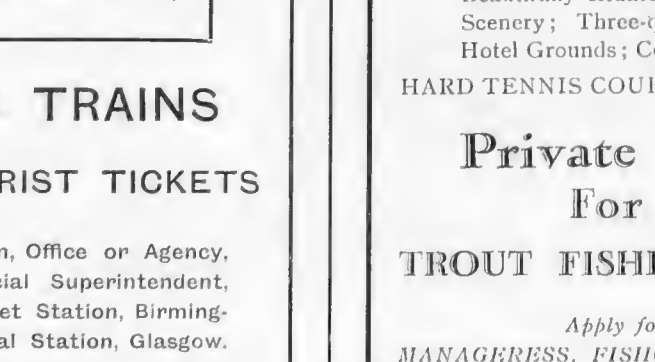
THE LAVERY ROOM: Pictures by a famous Irish artist in one room in the Belfast Museum

A FAMOUS GOLFING CENTRE: Rosapenna Links in Co. Donegal—a favourite golfing resort

Donegal, though actually a part of the ancient Kingdom of Ulster, is included in the Irish Free State. It is a place of unspoiled beauty, where the scenery is a blending of the mountains and moorlands typical of the Scottish Highlands, and of lakes and woodlands which rival Killarney with their exquisite charm.

Ulster

Though every corner of Ireland has a subtle power to please, the glory of Ulster lies chiefly in its coastline. Its range of beauty varies from the loveliness of Rostrevor and Warrenpoint, on Carlingford Lough, which is more like a scene on the Italian Lakes, to the grandeur of the enormous cliffs of the northern shore, which culminate in the extraordinary natural phenomenon of the Giants' Causeway. There are many delightful resorts scattered along the Ulster coast—Kilkeel, the setting for many of Lynn Doyle's stories of Irish life; Newcastle, the bracing, sunny resort where "the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea"; the quaint little seaport of Donaghadee; the busy, prosperous city of Belfast, which is an ideal touring centre for the whole of Ulster; Carrickfergus, with its magnificent eleventh-century castle; Larne, the terminus of the Stranraer steamship route; the wholly delightful resort of Ballycastle: the deservedly popular resort of Portrush on its rocky promontory; and Londonderry, the historic old town which is the chief touring centre for northern Ulster and County Donegal. Inland, Ulster boasts in Enniskillen a town of unique situation and enchantingly lovely surroundings. Set between Upper and Lower Lough Erne, it is a centre for innumerable excursions by road, rail, and motor-boat. Armagh is the burial place of the hero-king, Brian Boru, who holds much the same place in Irish folk lore and history as King Arthur does in England. The town of Antrim lies on the shores of beautiful Lough Neagh, but the famous Glens of Antrim lie rather nearer to the coast, and are most easily reached from the wonderful Antrim Coast Road. At Downpatrick, Ireland's three greatest saints—Patrick, Columba, and Brigid—are buried in one grave.



THE CAUSEWAY TO GLENHEAD at Glencolumb Kill, Co. Donegal

One cannot mention Ireland, and especially Antrim, without devoting a word to the Giants' Causeway — that great basaltic outcrop on the north, which remains for many one of the most impressive sights of the island.

Three excellent routes to Erin are to Belfast via Liverpool; to Dublin via the same English port; and Cork direct via Fishguard. The first route is by the largest cross-channel motor-vessels in the world; the second by the improved steamers of the B. and I. Line; the third by the new motor-vessel, *Innistallen*. The first two services run every week-day; the last-named every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

There is so much to see and do in Ireland; so much to love and seek to understand, that the longest stay can be filled with ever-varying interests. Its people have a versatility which can only be understood in the light of Ireland itself. They are sportsmen because the countryside has always been so incredibly rich in opportunities for fishing, hunting, racing, and mountaineering, to which is now added a wonderful array of golf courses, and facilities for other forms of sport. They have been fighters because the beauty of their land filled them with a passionate devotion, and they are poets for the same reason.

Gay, hospitable, and imaginative, they make the most charming hosts in the world, and their country has only to become more widely known to be appreciated at its true worth—and then it will without doubt become the most popular playground of the British Isles.

Maxwell Fraser.

3

ROUTES

TO NORTHERN IRELAND

VIA

L M S

HEYSHAM & BELFAST
(ULSTER EXPRESS ROUTE)

LIVERPOOL & BELFAST
(B S S CO.)

STRANRAER & LARNE
(SHORT SEA ROUTE)

RESTAURANT CAR TRAINS

CHEAP EXCURSION & TOURIST TICKETS

Full information from any L M S Station, Office or Agency, or from Divisional Passenger Commercial Superintendent, Euston Station, London, N.W. 1; New Street Station, Birmingham; Hunt's Bank, Manchester; or Central Station, Glasgow.

1931 Holidays!

Come to Beautiful ULSTER

The Land of Golden Gorse.

Glorious Scenery, Safe Bathing, Golf, Tennis, Free Fishing, and many other attractions are here to provide a memorable holiday.

□ □ □

For further information and Free Illustrated Brochure, "Ulster for your Holidays," apply to The Ulster Tourist Development Association, Ltd. (Dept. S.S.), 6, Royal Avenue, Belfast.

Fishguard Bay Hotel

On the Ocean Coast

Beautifully situated, overlooking magnificent Bay and Land Scenery; Three-quarters of a mile of Woodland Walks in Hotel Grounds; Centre of district of great Historical Interest.

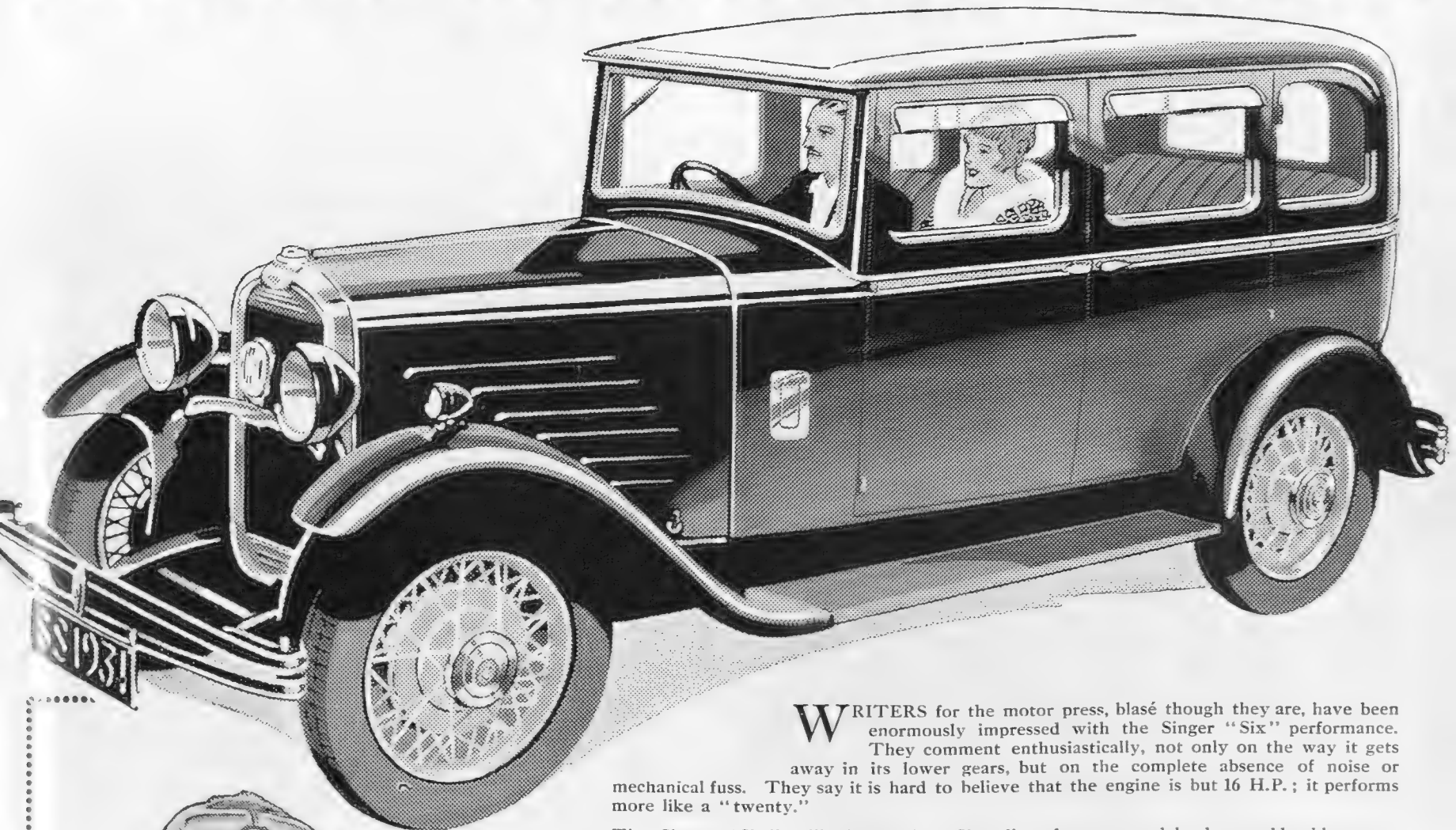
HARD TENNIS COURT, GOLF, BILLIARDS, GARAGES (Lock-up).

Private Angling Facilities For Hotel Visitors

TROUT FISHING SEASON NOW OPEN

Apply for tariff and all information to—
MANAGERESS, FISHGUARD BAY HOTEL, FISHGUARD, PEM.

A REMARKABLE PERFORMER WITH REAL FAMILY ACCOMMODATION



Cabling en route for England

KAYE DON

SAYS:

"Singer Car created great interest and admiration—behaved magnificently under severe conditions."

The above refers to the Singer "Six" Car he used in South America during his successful attack on the World's Water Speed Record.

WRITERS for the motor press, blasé though they are, have been enormously impressed with the Singer "Six" performance. They comment enthusiastically, not only on the way it gets away in its lower gears, but on the complete absence of noise or mechanical fuss. They say it is hard to believe that the engine is but 16 H.P.; it performs more like a "twenty."

The Singer "Six" will always do "Sixty," and some models do considerably more. But what a sixty! It hums with effortless ease at this speed all day if desired, and so well balanced is the engine that when touring at fifty it seems to be travelling much more slowly. There is no sway, bounce or roll. So easy to drive, too, controlled by really light steering and incredibly efficient vacuum servo operated brakes.

This is no compromise "Six" built to a price, with cramped body work and undersized engine—on the contrary, it is bigger than most cars in its class.

Roomy, luxurious, and most lavishly equipped, and yet such is its flexibility that the most fragile woman handles it with cheerful confidence in the heaviest traffic.

It is so safe, too—rear tank (outside the coachwork) to minimise fire risk, Triplex glass, stop light at rear, four speed—easy change gearbox, and a big husky battery that spins the engine into life instantly.

No car anywhere near this price can give you such all-round comfort, safety and unfailing reliability.

When you see and try it, you will join the ever-growing list of those who say, "How can such a car be built at the price?"

Will you try one at your dealers, or send for lavishly illustrated coloured catalogue of this and other models from £130?

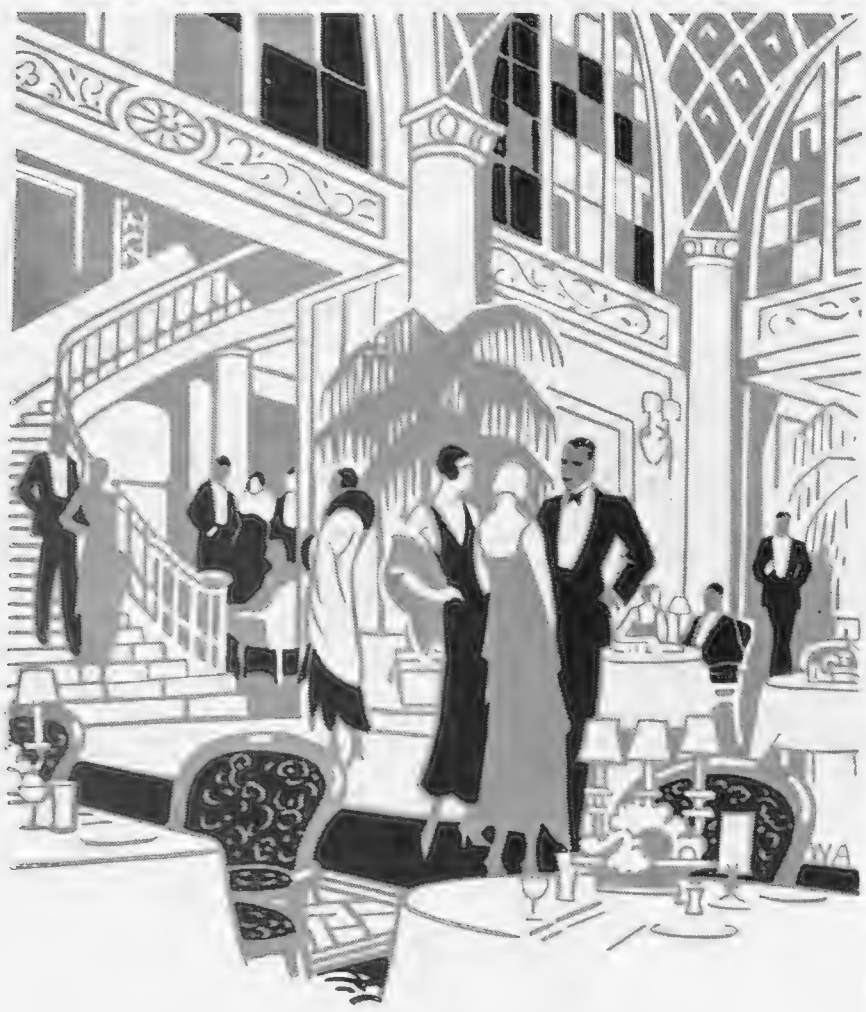
£280

Singer Six

SEND FOR COLOURED ART CATALOGUE

SINGER & COMPANY, LTD., COVENTRY. London Showrooms: Stratton House, Piccadilly, W.1, and 202, Great Portland Street, W.1.

SPACIOUSNESS is a White Star tradition



They're built big like an hotel ashore, with their spacious approaches, their soaring ceilings; their broad smiling decks that challenge you to a 4-mile walk on their white highway; their suites and staterooms in which you can *really* spread yourself. S.S. MAJESTIC—the world's largest Liner—has more public-room space for first-class passengers than any other vessel; her de luxe suites are the largest afloat. With OLYMPIC—world renowned for her spacious staterooms and promenade decks—she gives you transatlantic travel with a spaciousness and a generous comfort you will always find in the White Star boats—the "big ships" of the Atlantic.

The White Star Line owns the World's Largest Liner, the Largest British Motor Vessel, the Largest Ships from Southampton, Liverpool, Belfast, Glasgow, Cobh, Galway.

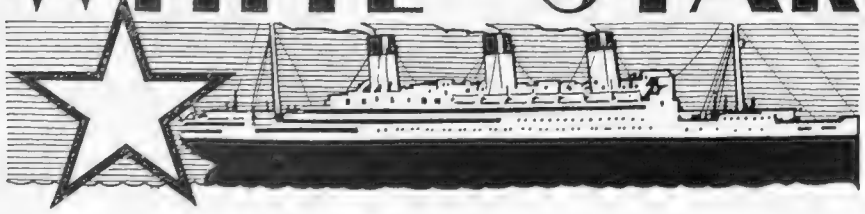
NEXT SAILINGS:

Southampton, Cherbourg, New York

MAJESTIC - MAY 20 JUNE 10
OLYMPIC - MAY 27 JUNE 17
HOMERIC - JUNE 3 JUNE 24

Full particulars from White Star Offices or Local Agents.

WHITE STAR



TRAVELLING WITH ROYALTY: Members of the Argentine Golf Team, who journeyed to this country with the Prince of Wales, seen on their arrival at Southampton with their Humber "Snipe"

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

LONDON'S LITTLE MOTOR SHOW.—The Hillman Wizard has now been ushered into the world, and everyone who has the true interests of the British motor trade at heart will wish it every success. If it is as good as the publicity scheme which introduced it to the public it will be a winner. In America they are renowned for their publicity stunts, but I think that even the Americans would be willing to take their hats off to the Rootes brothers, Mr. Dudley Noble, and the rest of the Hillman Publicity Committee for the very thorough and impressive way they introduced their new model to the public and the Press.

The Albert Hall in London has been used for many strange gatherings, but I doubt if ever before over 1,000 people have been given lunch there with a small motor show staged in front of their eyes. I was fortunate to be numbered amongst the guests, and I was very agreeably surprised to find what a really excellent restaurant the Albert Hall made. In fact I am rather surprised that Mr. Charles Cochran, the manager, had not already turned it to such use with a cabaret on the dance floor. I am, however, getting away from my subject, but let me say that after luncheon had been served the lights were lowered and a very interesting film showing the new Wizard being tested was thrown on the screen. The camera cannot lie we are told, and so I can assure my readers that the Hillman Wizard was thoroughly tested, not only in this country, particularly at Brooklands, but also in France, in Algeria and Italy. It had to withstand the cold and snow of the Alps as well as the heat and sand of Africa. The test was a very thorough one and it would seem likely, therefore, that the car will not be caught napping or wanting in any part of the world where it will be used.

TWO ENGINE SIZES.—Whilst we were at luncheon the dance floor was filled with what looked like large packing-cases suitably decorated and inscribed. During the ensuing darkness the coverings were removed so that when the lights went up after the film all the various models of the car were displayed to view. A thousand people then rushed down the gangways in order to have a close inspection. I will not pretend that I saw very much because when that number of people gather round half-a-dozen motor-cars it is obviously impossible to see very much. First of all I would say that there is nothing unorthodox in the design. It is a straightforward job and its size should appeal to the public in all countries. The price is right, being under £300, and it is an excellent idea giving customers the choice of two different engine sizes.

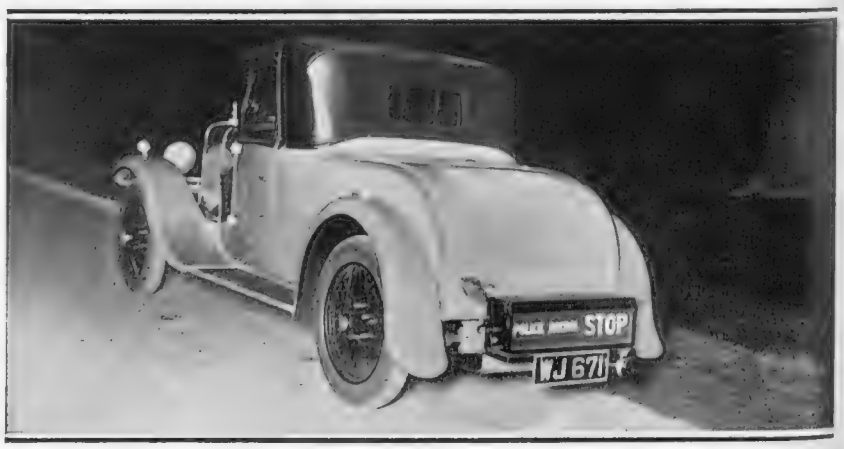
The engine has six cylinders, one with a bore of 65 mm. and the other with a bore of 75 mm., the ratings being 15.7 h.p. and 20.9 h.p. respectively. The power unit is exactly the same in each case except for the bore, and the price is likewise identical. Side-by-side valves actuated from a gear-driven camshaft in the crankcase are used. Engine cooling is thermostatically controlled and an impeller assists the circulation. A fan is included in the design and is belt-driven. Ignition is by coil and battery fitted with a waterproof distributor and the carburetter is of Solex manufacture. Coming now to the gear-box, four forward speeds are available and the Hillman Traffic Top or silent gear is embodied.

The gear-box forms a unit with the engine, and the power is transmitted to the rear axle which is a spiral bevel driven by an open propeller shaft. Four-wheel brakes are included, the pedal operating those on all wheels, whilst the hand-lever is coupled up only to those on the rear wheels. The steering is of the worm and nut type which from my previous experience is always very satisfactory and light to control. Other items in the specification are double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers, 12-volt Lucas electrical equipment, and Dunlop tyres.

Various types of body are fitted as standard and are known as the family saloon, the saloon *de luxe*, the four-door sports saloon, the five-seater tourer, and the coupé cabriolet.

EXPERIENCE GAINED ABROAD.—There is nothing unusual about this specification which I consider a point in its favour because we know already that cars built in the usual way are successful overseas, but, unfortunately, up to the moment the greatest success has been attained by the Americans. We also know that those responsible for launching the car have made personal

(Continued on p. 262)



'WARE SHEFFIELD MOTORISTS! The Sheffield police are leaving nothing to chance where the interpretations of their signals are concerned. This picture shows one of a further squad of Alvis cars just delivered to the Sheffield constabulary

AS . DEPENDABLE . AS . AN . AUSTIN

THE TWENTY RANELAGH LIMOUSINE

Not merely 'the car of the year'—
but *the car for the years* . . .

The Twenty Ranelagh Limousine (as illustrated)

£575

(AT WORKS)

Upholstered in Vaumol luxour grain hide or fine carriage cloth. Folding auxiliary seats. Centre folding and side arm-rests. Fullest equipment including Triplex glass, chromium plating, wire wheels, spare and Dunlop tyres. Price at works £575. Marlborough Landaulet £525. Mayfair or Whitehall Saloon on short wheelbase £530. Sunshine Roof £10.

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. every month

You have heard of that phrase 'the car of the year'? It has been applied, you will remember, to numerous cars . . . many of which have gained a temporary following, but have failed to hold their popularity.

Austin have never aimed to build a car of this kind—'a car of the year.' They have aimed higher . . . to build cars which, above all, shall be downright dependable, cars of such engineering excellence that they will stand the test of many gruelling years. With what result? Where one man will choose 'a car of the year,' two will choose an Austin—*the car for the years*, a choice which is determined solely by a deep-rooted conviction of Austin's superior merit.

To those who demand this lasting worth—who require a seven-seater limousine of obvious distinction, pronounced luxury, and impressive performance, we commend the Austin Twenty Ranelagh. Examine this car at your nearest Austin dealer's showrooms; compare it feature by feature with cars priced from £700 to £1,000; ask for a demonstration run; take the wheel yourself . . . and you will be amazed that such a car can be bought for as little as £575. If you cannot call, write for literature.

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

The PETROL World—(cont.)

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

investigations in practically every country in the world, so that they should know exactly what is required in a world car. In addition, the car has been designed by Captain Irving, who has the *Golden Arrow* to his credit, though it does not necessarily follow that the designer of, say, a torpedo-boat destroyer would turn out a super-fishing smack. Captain Irving, however, has probably as much experience in designing cars for commercial purposes as anyone else in the trade, and therefore I feel certain that when I drive the Wizard, as I hope very soon to, it will be something quite out of the ordinary.

Although I see in the dictionary that the word Wizard means one who practises witchcraft or magic—or alternatively—a wise man—I think that the choice of this name might have been happier. True, in the world of aviation people talk about a Wizard show or a Wizard machine, thereby meaning an excellent show or an excellent machine, but there is a touch of slang and mystery associated with the word which, I think, is somewhat undignified to be associated with a car of this importance. I would, therefore, have preferred to hear it called by a name such as Challenger or Commander, just to mention a couple which are already used in the same way. But after all there is only one thing that counts in the success of a car and that is its performance, and I have every reason to believe that the Wizard is assured of success on this account from the very beginning.

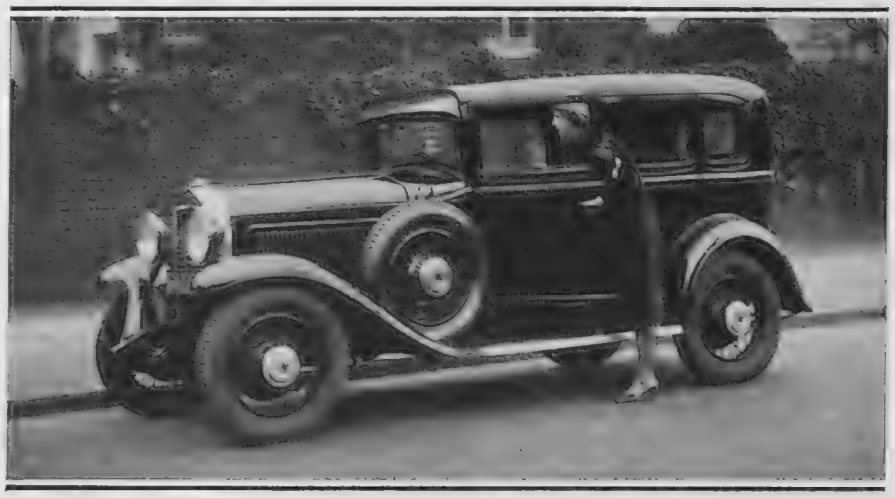
SPOILING THE ROAD WITH TOO MUCH TAR.—Regularly every year as Spring comes round road authorities get busy with tarring operations, and year by year I have to register a protest against the inadequate measures which are usually taken to prevent liquid tar splashing all over the cars, as they are driven on the treated stretches. Having had a certain amount of personal experience in doing this kind of work down at Brooklands last year, I understand that it is advisable to lay down a top-dressing of granite chips. So long as these are thick enough and are rolled in immediately, they effectively prevent the tar splashing on to cars and at the same time they form a very useful additional surface crust to the road.

Near my own home in Surrey this practice has been carried out during the last few weeks, and I certainly have no complaint to lodge, although a few years ago the same stretches of road were left in a disgraceful condition for about forty-eight hours. I hope that the former example will be followed by all other road authorities, and that we shall hear of no complaints from motorists this year. Should a wet stretch of tar be encountered a driver cannot go too slowly over it, for even at 5 m.p.h. tar-coated chips will fly all over the bodywork, and they are terribly difficult to remove.

POINTS OF INTEREST.—Many people have wondered why until now the King's cars have not been fitted with safety glass. The following is the explanation. When it was suggested that in the interests of safety the side window should be of safety glass, it was feared that discoloration might prevent the people seeing him. His Majesty's advisers are now satisfied that safety glass is as clear as the ordinary type, however, and the five new cars just delivered at Windsor Castle for himself and the Queen have Triplex in the windscreens and all windows.

The R.A.C. inform me that a movement has been started in London for providing white sticks for the use of blind persons, on similar lines to those which have already proved useful in France. The first area to be dealt with is West Ham, London, where there are 400 registered blind persons. Motorists are asked to extend every possible courtesy and consideration to those carrying a white stick. Although the start has been made only in West Ham, the scheme will be expanded as time goes on throughout the country.

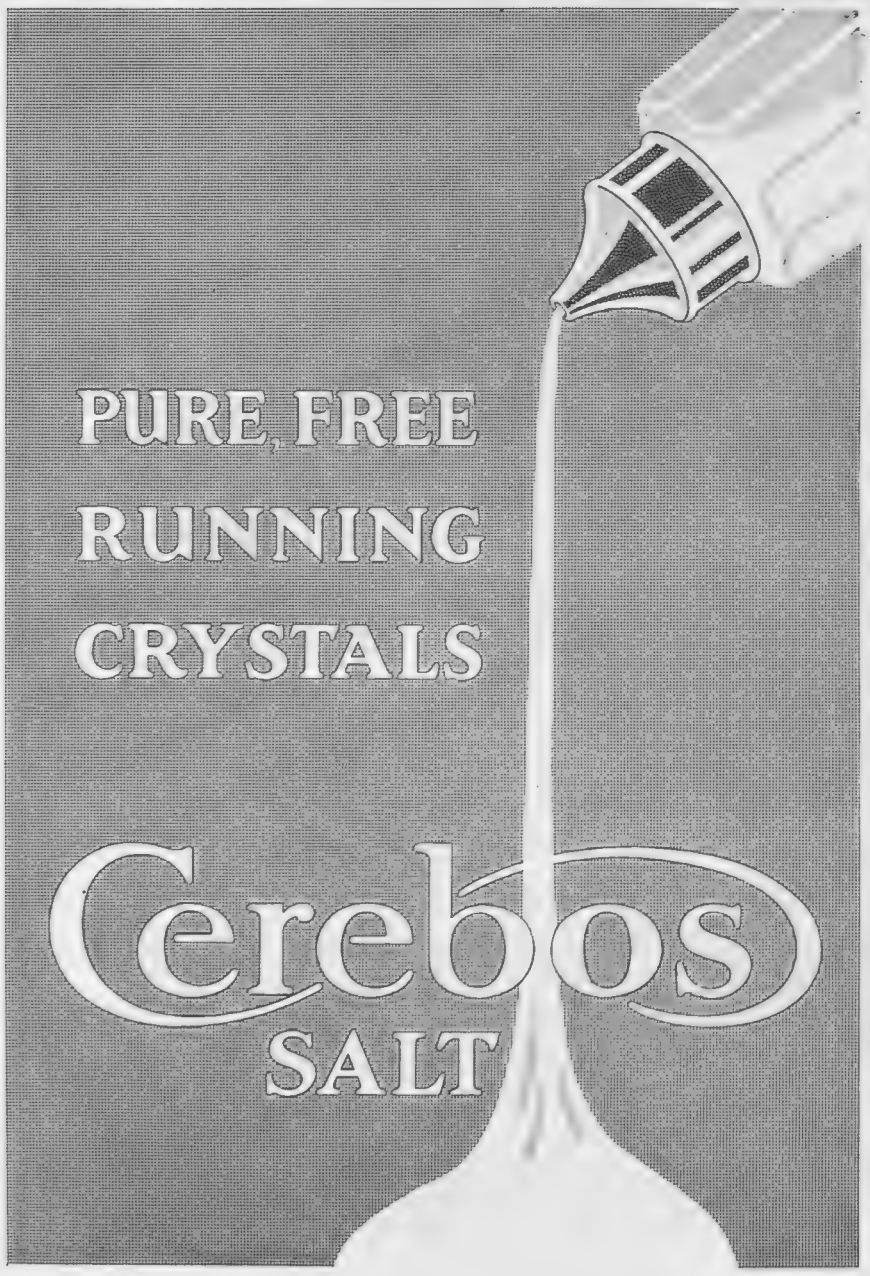
MR. W. E. BULLOCK, the Managing Director of Singer and Co., Ltd., Coventry



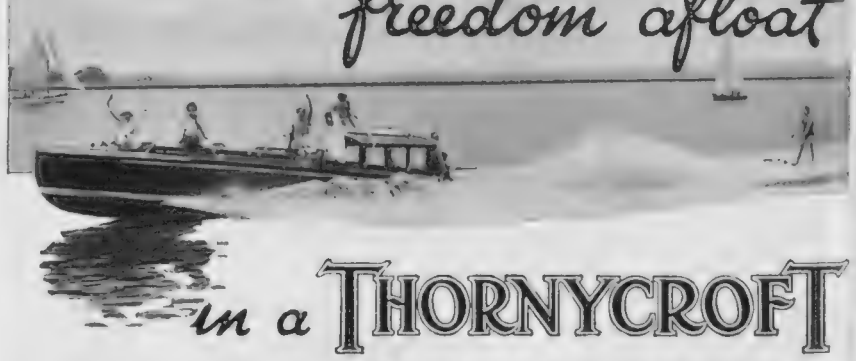
MUSIC AND THE SILENT KNIGHT: Miss Ethel Smith, winner of the South African Music Scholarship—unique in that it is open to all branches of music, vocal and instrumental—with one of the latest Willys Knight Sleeve Valve Six Saloons

In the course of his visit to the British Motor Exhibit, which formed part of the Buenos Aires Trade Exhibition, the President of the Argentine Republic was pleased to accept an invitation to become a Vice-President of the Royal Automobile Club. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales himself presented the President with the club's badge for use on his car, and a special replica of the R.A.C. badge, suitably inscribed and mounted as a paper weight, was presented to him on behalf of the R.A.C. and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders as a memento of the occasion.

The R.A.C. inform me that already a number of applications for seats in the R.A.C. grandstand for the International Tourist Trophy Race in Ulster on August 22 next have been received by the club. They wish to point out that no seats can be reserved at present as the plans for the stand have not yet been fully approved. All applications for seats are being filed and will be dealt with in the order received as soon as the seating plan is available.



There's fun and freedom afloat



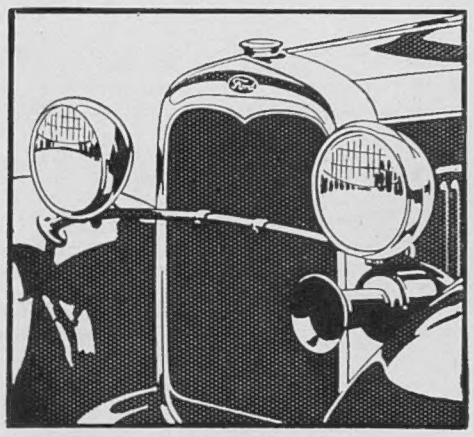
in a THORNYCROFT MOTOR BOAT

Think of the jolly care-free times you could have in a Thornycroft Motor Boat, cruising on placid rivers and broads or riding the white horses on breezy coastal seas. Here are new realms of Health and Adventure, offering rest or recreation at will, without irksome restrictions. May we send you our 32-page booklet illustrating many types of sea and river craft?

JOHN I. THORNYCROFT & CO., LIMITED, Thornycroft House, Westminster, S.W.1.

We have a number of new and second-hand craft of various types available for immediate delivery. Inspection on the Thames by appointment. Full particulars on request.

The Smartness of a BRAND-NEW FORD



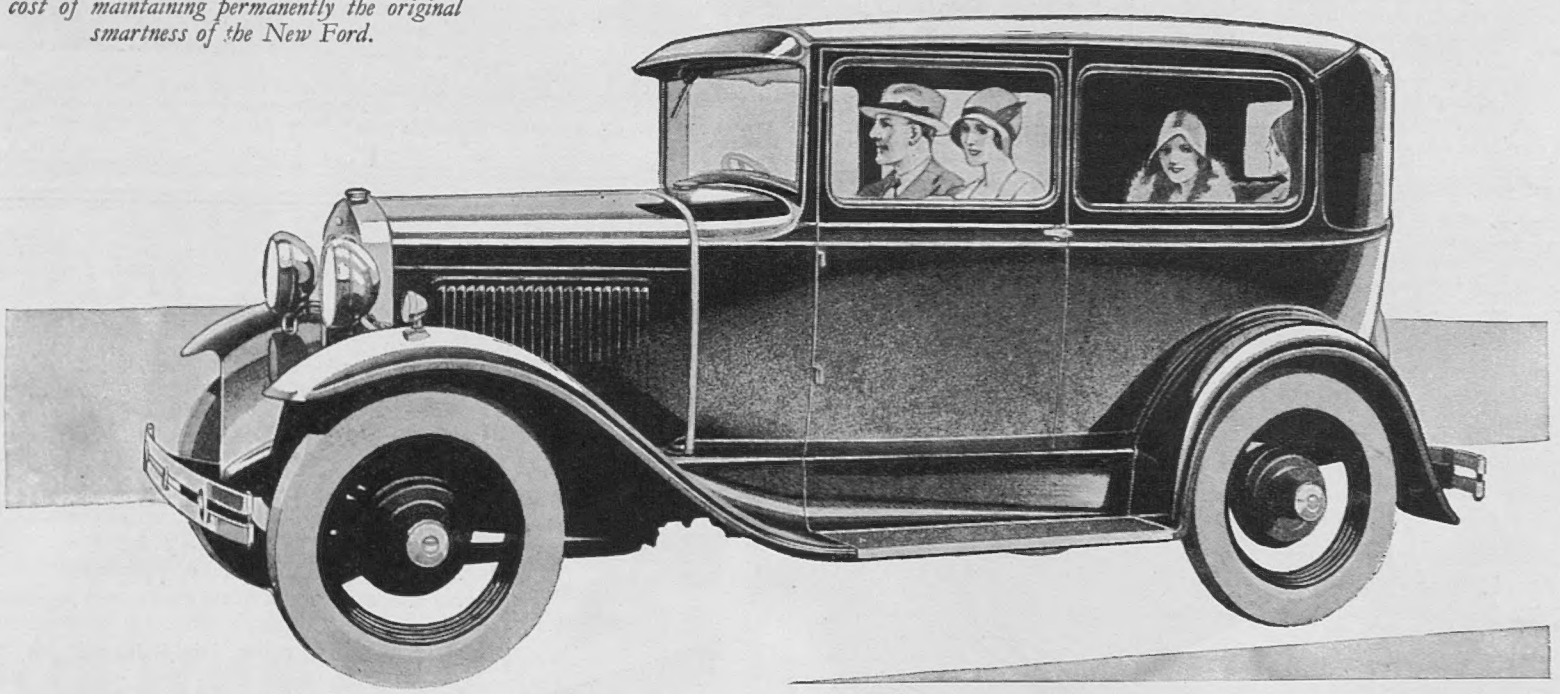
The use of stainless steel for parts commonly nickel-plated reduces both the labour and the cost of maintaining permanently the original smartness of the New Ford.

remains, can be retained permanently, with the absolute minimum of labour or expense.

Untarnishable steel, and the lastingly resplendent pyroxylin finish, are not merely resistant of travel stains. They permit the restoration of pristine presentability in next to no time.

And their standardisation is typical of the consideration for the user, especially for the owner driver, outstanding in every feature of the New FORD.

Let your Local FORD Dealer enumerate its other, just as commanding, claims on your interest. Let him show you what it is, what it will do, and for how *very*, very little!



The New Ford 24 *h.p. Tudor Saloon* £180 *at works, Manchester.*
(14.9 *h.p.* £5 *extra.*)

LINCOLN Ford Fordson

AIRCRAFT

NEW FORD PRICES

Touring Car ·	24 *h.p.*	£185
Standard Coupé	„	£185
Cabriolet ·	„	£210
3-window Fordor Saloon	„	£210
De Luxe Touring Car	„	£225
De Luxe Fordor Saloon with sliding roof	24 *h.p.*	£225

14.9 *h.p.* £5 *extra.*
All prices at works, Manchester.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED || 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
TRAFFORD PARK, MANCHESTER

NOTES and NEWS

MOSQUITOES

In THE SPHERE of April 25, a page dealing with mosquitoes and their culture and control was published. The pictures and the information were derived from the same source: The British Mosquito Control Institute, Hayling Island, Hants, which will be delighted to furnish any further information desired to any reader interested in the suppression of this pest.

BLUE FUNNEL CRUISES

Messrs. Alfred Holt and Co. (the Blue Funnel Line), have just announced their programme of summer, autumn, and winter sea voyages for 1931. In these days when an economy both individual and national is of more than usual urgency, the actual *cost* of a holiday (as opposed to the initial outlay) is without doubt one of the most important factors in determining how and where the holiday shall be spent. Few people realize that it is possible to make a return voyage to the South of France, Egypt, or farther afield to Colombo, Straits Settlements or South Africa, at an *inclusive* cost of less that £2 per day, which is approximately the charge for a first-class hotel. Whereas the cost of a sea trip is really inclusive, the cost of a holiday of a similar standard ashore, with the sightseeing and other incidental expenses is almost doubled. Among the shorter voyages the trip to the South of France is always popular; between April and September the return fare is only £22. This sum includes 1st class rail travel from London to Liverpool in the special train run in connection with the outward sailing. The traveller is enabled to spend about eleven days at sea, with some twelve days in the South of France, although as the return ticket is available for six months, this time can be extended as required. Should the dates of the Blue Funnel vessels not quite suit his plans there is the option of travelling one way overland by rail or one way by P. and O., British India, or Bibby Line from Marseilles, or Orient Line from Toulon. For a somewhat longer trip to Palestine and Egypt the ordinary single fare from London is £32, and the return fare £64, but if the voyage is made in certain vessels there is a special fare of £22 single, or £35 return, with a further reduction of £4, if the journey is started or terminated at Marseilles. These fares include 1st class rail travel from London to Liverpool in the special train. The return voyage can be made all the way by sea in less than four weeks, allowing some four days in Egypt and twenty-one days afloat. It is worth noting that it is the normal schedules of the Blue Funnel liners to allow four days in Egypt, and this should prove a highly attractive and unique holiday to people who wish to spend about three weeks away during the summer. There are regular 1st class sailings to the South of France and Egypt every four weeks from Liverpool, but the fares quoted always include free 1st class transportation to Liverpool in a special train on sailing day.

A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

The Speed King, Sir Malcolm Campbell, flung down a gauntlet to British sportsmanship and British enterprise during his visit to Bradford a few days ago. He quoted the recorded fact that in 1898 Mr. John Kitson, a Bradford man, then a power in the Shondsbeg Woollen Mills, Pennsylvania, had six sheep shorn at 6.30 a.m., the wool prepared, spun, woven, and made up into a suit by 12.58 p.m. of the same day. Sir Malcolm suggested that this speed record should be wrested from the U.S.A., and challenged the sportsmen among his audience at the Rotary Club luncheon to compete. Three men, representing firms of Batley, Milnsbridge, and Leeds, accepted the challenge. Mr. A. Bird (J. T. and J. Taylor, Ltd., of Batley), and John Crowther and Sons (Milnsbridge) had picked up the gauntlet; while a representative of the Leeds firm of tailors, Prices, Ltd., guaranteed that if the material were delivered to his firm's premises, the suit would be ready in forty-five minutes! The Kitson suit took five tailors two and half hours to make.

A NOVEL COMPETITION: Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd., the Motor Distributors, have conceived probably the most unique competition in recent years. Some days ago Sir Herbert Austin locked with a special key a 7 h.p. Austin saloon. This done, he threw the key on to a carpet on which already lay 40,000 keys, each one different, which Sir Herbert mixed. The keys were then posted to 40,000 of Pass and Joyce's clients and yesterday at their Orchard Street branch the procession commenced. From nine o'clock in the forenoon until a late hour last night over 4,000 people who possessed a key walked through the showrooms to try their fortune. The Queen of Norway, who arrived in London last Monday, graciously accepted a key, but her luck was the same as all others yesterday. The competition will continue until the person holding the key as used by Sir Herbert Austin arrives in the showrooms

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A very large sum of money is required to feed, clothe, and educate over 1,100 boys and girls. This is what The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship is always doing, and the Society depends largely upon voluntary contributions for its income. £7 10s. will keep the Homes and Training Ship for one hour. 2s. 6d. will keep the Homes and Training Ship for one minute. Please send your gifts to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

A CERTAIN WINNER! A scene at a recent point-to-point meeting, which shows an empty magnum of Piper Heidsieck decorating the bonnet of a car in lieu of a mascot

VERY GOOD GOLF SHOES

Dolcian

SHOES FOR MEN

Dolcian Golf Shoes are a possession you'll prize—you'll find them giving you a steady stance from the first . . . and right to the last they'll be good-looking and comfortable. Invest in a pair of Dolcian Golf Shoes—they are a real help to your game. Obtainable from any of the Dolcis Shoe Shops.

POST ORDERS

These should be addressed to:
Dolcis Shoe Co., Dolcis House, Great Dover Street, London, S.E.1.

Style 956 (*above*).—Skip-pattern Golf Shoe in Tan Willow Calf. Special "Royal and Ancient" rubber sole. Per pair **21/=**

Do you live in INDIA

EGYPT, THE SUDAN, UGANDA, KENYA, TANGANYIKA?

Have you Friends There?

By arrangement with Imperial Airways Limited, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, the proprietors of ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SKETCH, TATLER, BYSTANDER, SPHERE, GRAPHIC and BRITANNIA & EVE, have established an Air Parcel Bureau by which, under certain conditions, orders entrusted to them by overseas and home readers will be despatched by air to the countries named.

SHOP THROUGH THE GREAT EIGHT AIR PARCEL BUREAU

Under this scheme it is possible for residents in England to send out to their friends on the African and Indian air routes, presents, clothing or other articles which they may need. Small motor car spare parts may also be sent.

A folder describing the scheme, and rates, can be obtained from Imperial Air Stations at Cairo, Assiut, Luxor, Assuan, Halfa, Kareima, Khartoum, Kosti, Malakal, Shambe, Juba, Butiabo, Port Bell, Kisumi and Mwanza, or from the GREAT EIGHT Air Parcel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *May 9, 1931.* Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

The Hall-Mark of Quality

● aged • of rare mellowness • subtle bouquet • distinctive ● by host • by guests • by all preferred

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD.,
The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries, DUFFTOWN.
82, Gordon Street, GLASGOW,
98, Gt. Tower Street, LONDON, E.C.3.

London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch
Messrs. HEDGES & BUTLER, Ltd.,
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King,
153, Regent Street, W.1.

WILDBAD in the Black Forest

Germany. 1400 to 2500 feet above sea-level.

Curative Springs, 93–99° F., for hundreds of years proved beneficial for gout, rheumatism, sciatica, nerve troubles, etc. Rejuvenation; all modern curative methods. Sport. Mountain-railway. Beautiful woods. Anglican Divine Service. Information from the "Badverwaltung" or the "Kurverein" Wildbad in the Black Forest and all tourist agencies.

Excellent Trout Fishing

HOTEL QUELLENHOF

Offering everything to render your stay a pleasant one. Inclusive terms from 13/-

HOTEL KLUMPP

First Class Family House. Inclusive terms from 10/-

For particulars apply to Mr. Otto Busch, Manager.

ALONG THE RHINE TO THE ALPS

The Highway of Europe

Amsterdam, Haag, Rotterdam, Essen, Düsseldorf, Köln-Rh., Aachen, Koblenz, Wiesbaden, Frankfurt-a-M., Mainz, Mannheim, Heidelberg, Karlsruhe, Baden-Baden, Freiburg, Stuttgart, Augsburg, München, Zürich, Luzern, want to see you.

Illustrated booklets and full information through
ANY TOURIST OFFICE,
or GERMAN RAILWAY INFORMATION BUREAU,
19, Regent Street, London, S.W.1

An Ideal Companion

for holidays, rambles, tours & race meetings

WATSON'S

"VEDET" Pocket Prism TELESCOPE

Take a "VEDET" with you at home and abroad. See the detail of minaret and dome, the movement of Nature's shy wonders and bring the far-away happening within your range of vision.

The "VEDET" is only 7 ozs. in weight and 4 ins. in length, but gives the definition and magnification of a large, heavy binocular and focusses more easily.

Prism-binocular construction, but with only one barrel. Complete in soft leather bag for pocket or handbag .. £3 17 6

Write for particulars.

W. WATSON & SONS, Ltd., 313 High Holborn, London, W.C.1

An entirely new TRIUMPH Super Seven Saloon

Perfectly appointed, roomy coachwork, hydraulic four-wheel brakes, three-bearing crankshaft, finger-tip control, dipping headlights, safety glass windscreen, chromium plating, "Silentbloc" bushes. £159.10

Such luxury features as these set this Triumph Super Seven Saloon apart from all other low-priced small cars. Write to-day for full details.

Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland Street, W.1 (1st Floor).

The Assurance of Skin-Health in many a home —throughout the world!

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Shaving Stick 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

Cuticura *for* PURITY

VAPEX INHALANT

(REG TRADE MARK)

quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head. Breathe the germicidal vapour from your handkerchief

First thing every morning put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief.

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/-

V.49. THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1s 2/- & 4/-

Days that have made History . . .

In addition to the provision of excellent short stories which have made BRITANNIA AND EVE famous the world over, the Editor is ever on the lookout for interesting stories based upon historical fact.
The feature introduced last month—"Twenty-four Hours—Days that have made History"—secured an instantaneous success. The second in this series, "The Last Day of General Gordon," outlines in vivid tones the hour-by-hour events in a day that can never be erased from the history of the British Empire.

January 26TH 1885

ACROSS the Blue Nile is the Mahdi sitting in his tent. All around him are scores of thousands of his followers, armed with spears and javelins, many armed with muzzle-loading rifles. A spy, who has just been brought into the tent, reports that the rising waters of the Nile have washed away a part of the ramparts, so that by walking through the sluggish and knee-high waters it would be possible to enter the besieged city from the most unsuspected quarter. Not until the rising of the sun will the faithful followers of the new prophet be allowed to venture upon this sortie . . . .

THREE a.m. Far up the Nile four battered river steamers are slowly paddling their way southward. Six days before these steamers had been inhabited by a motley band of Egyptians—men, women, children and goats—who had been waiting for four long months for the arrival of the vanguard of Sir Herbert Stewart's relief expedition. But when the vanguard arrived it was without their leader, for Stewart had been killed in the long fight through the rebel country.

This morning these four steamers are packed with English troops, and in the foremost vessel Sir Charles Wilson lies sleeping! It is unnecessary for him to be awake! The craft slides by at but four miles an hour, and Khartoum will not creep across the distant horizon for many more hours to come. Yes, here are Gordon's 200 men—with 200 more for good measure. They might have left for Khartoum last Monday, but one delay and another kept them hanging about Metammeh until Saturday.

After all, what is five days' delay when they are already nearly a year behind time?

They sleep the sleep of the just. For months they have been fighting every inch of the desert route southward; and for what? To save the life of a solitary Englishman who might himself easily have escaped in a river steamer months ago!

FOUR a.m. Creeping across the sandy plateau to the west of Khartoum is a dark body of the Mahdi's picked warriors. Every inch of the ground is familiar to them. They have been here for eleven months—watching and waiting for the moment that they know some day will come.

And is this the day . . . .?

Over 40 Short Stories and interesting Articles in the MAY Issue

"TWENTY-FOUR HOURS—DAYS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY: THE LAST DAY OF GENERAL GORDON," described by Gordon Beckles
"AT THE COQ D'OR," by Clare Sheridan
"THIS FEMALE FLYING BUSINESS . . . " by Joan Woollcombe
"KASAI DIAMONDS," by William Leon Smyser
"GIRLS TOGETHER," by Mildred Cram
"THE CHANGING FACE OF PARIS," by H. Pearl Adam
"HEROIN BY THE TON . . . " by Ferdinand Tuohy
"THE GENII OF GIBRALTAR," by Guy Gilpatric
"THE END OF JESSIE WHITTLE," by Anthony Richardson
"TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES OF HISTORY. THE STORY OF RICHELIEU AND THE DAY OF DUPES," described by Norman Hill, painted by F. Matania, R.I.
"SO THIS IS EARTH!" by Hannen Swaffer
"REJUVENATING FURNITURE," by Mrs. Frank Bennett
"A COLOUR SCHEME FOR A LIVING ROOM" by Ronald Fleming
"PLANNING YOUR LIGHTS," by S. Chermayeff
"SUMMER SUGGESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION"
"THE ROBOT WOMAN" by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton
"POSTLUDE" by Wyndham Martin
"SUBORDINATES OR DIRECTORS?" by Robert Saudek
"HOW TO MAKE AN ATTRACTIVE WOOLLEN BED-JACKET"
"ONCE A COACH-HOUSE, NOW A VERY UP-TO-DATE LONDON HOME," described by Mary Sharpe
"THE WORLD MOVES ON APACE—BUT DOES THE TEACHER STAND STILL?" by Amabel Williams-Ellis
"INEXPENSIVE ELEGANCIES," by Catherine Ives
"HOW NOT TO ORDER," by X. M. Boulestin
THE MOTORING SECTION, conducted by The Earl of Cardigan

It is a monthly joy to contemplate this
NEW STYLE MAGAZINE
Ask your newsagent to deliver it, or get a copy at the bookstall when you travel.

BRITANNIA AND EVE

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *May* 9, 1931. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.